

# The TATLER

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*Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

## H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT—A NEW PORTRAIT

This portrait of our youngest Royal Duchess, the former Princess Marina of Greece, who, like H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, is nowadays concerned with an ever increasing number of public duties, not to mention any amount of less official functions. A recent social occasion honoured by the Duchess of Kent was Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, at which H.R.H. cut the first slice of the gargantuan birthday cake. In the Coronation Procession the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, who will be accompanied by the Princess Royal's younger son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, will drive to and from Westminster Abbey in a glass coach



## PANORAMA



MR. ERNEST THESIGER AND MRS. KENNETH BARNES AT LADY PLYMOUTH'S RECENT LUNCH PARTY

Lady Plymouth's luncheon, some more pictures concerning which appear on a later page in this issue, was in connection with the Hedingham Scheme for helping the youthful unemployed—a most worthy movement. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the famous actor, is a kinsman of Lord Chelmsford, and Mrs. Kenneth Barnes is Sir Fergus Graham's only sister, and married a brother of Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh

"I AM not disappointed."

It was a tall, bronzed man from overseas who spoke to me. It was his first visit to England, and I asked conventionally what he thought of the Mother-country. His answer was the perfect one. What more could one ask? Anticipation, linked with mankind's most vivid imagination, makes realisation often a dismal disappointment. But he had found what he hoped, discovered what he expected!

Let us pray he is one of many and that this old and dear country of ours will never disappoint the sons of her Empire.

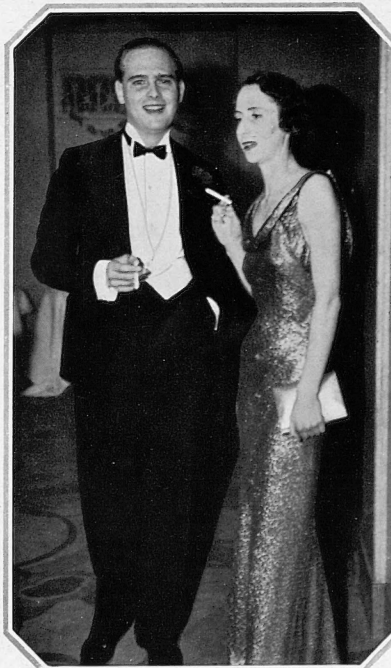
Just a week until Coronation Day, but for some time now we have been thrilled by glimpses of pageantry.

Most interesting spectacle of last week was the Royal progress in the barge from Westminster Pier to Greenwich, where the King and Queen opened the National Maritime Museum, which might never have existed but for the generosity of Sir James Caird. By the way, the word barge is misleading. There is a Royal Barge, but it does not come up to present-day standards of comfort and speed, so for this journey the



THE HOSTESS (LADY PLYMOUTH) AND SOME MORE GUESTS

In the above group are, left to right: Miss Seymour, then the hostess and Lord Plymouth, Mr. Kenneth Barnes, and H.E. the Iranian Minister Soheley, who has just arrived in London *en poste* in succession to H.E. Hossein Ala. Lord Plymouth is Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office and Chairman of that sorely tried body the Spanish Non-Intervention Committee. Mr. Kenneth Barnes' wife is in the picture on the left. He is the Administrator of the R.A.D.A. His brother, Sir Reggie Barnes, is the famous General and ex-4th Hussars polo player (temp Mr. Winston Churchill). Sir Reginald Barnes was the back of a very notable side. Later he commanded the 10th Hussars



THE HON. STANDISH VEREKER AND LADY JOAN TALBOT

At last week's Bavarian Ball, held at the Park Lane Hotel and sponsored by a new good-fellowship movement, the Anglo-German Kameradschaft, whose protagonists all have youth on their side. The Hon. Standish Vereker is Lord Gort's only son, and Lady Joan Talbot is Lord Shrewsbury's youngest sister. Other patrons of this party are on page 212

Royal Barge was replaced by a smart motor boat usually reserved for the use of the Commander-in-Chief of the Nore. Thousands watched and cheered its swift passage down the river.

The happiest little girl in London was Princess Elizabeth. Until the last minute she did not know whether she was going with her parents or was to be left at home in Buckingham Palace. The Princess shows all her Royal grandmother's gift for fitting comfortably into any occasion, however hedged about with State ceremonial. And she already has the Royal faculty for appearing oblivious of the batteries of hundreds of eyes turned on Royalty, and is perfectly natural and sweet however formal her surroundings may be.

Each day seems to provide unexpected little shows—rehearsals, mostly, of one kind or another, for the Coronation procession. There have been soldiers and policemen parading, or taking up their position in the Mall, where at least one mounted policeman gave a brief but exciting demonstration of how to keep your seat on a horse that is equally determined to have you off if rearing and bucking can do it!

In the Abbey the pages who will take part in the ceremonial walked up the aisle, under the direction of the Earl Marshal, hands held before them, learning to balance the coronet that each will be carrying for his respective Lord next Wednesday.

When they arrived at the Abbey the Earl Marshal found another and unexpected rehearsal in progress—the choirboys were being drilled for



next week's great day—so the pages had to wait until the way was clear.

A group of mothers, hoping to see the rehearsal of pages, came with their sons. Only Lady Carlisle had the forethought to ask for a permit, and but for her intervention the rest would have had to remain outside. She explained the situation to the Duke of Norfolk, who at once gave permission for the mothers to enter the Abbey.

Viscount Morpeth, son and heir of the Earl of Carlisle, is to be page to the Duke of Norfolk and will carry his coronet. Lady Carolyn Howard, his elder sister, eighteen this summer, is a Coronation year débutante and due for presentation at Court to-morrow night (May 6).

As the Coronation Day comes nearer Coronation fervour spreads more rapidly. Think of the height of enthusiasm reached by the owner of a quite humble home who had gone to the length of having the entire interior scheme red, white, and blue!

Mrs. Laura Henderson, of *Revueville* and Windmill Theatre fame, lives in Rutland Gate and is the only one, so far as I know, in that select neighbourhood to have had the railings in front of her home painted red, white, and blue. No doubt this is only a temporary measure, but it adds to the gaiety of that particular part of London and has already inspired small boys on several occasions to stop outside and sing "God Save the King" for her benefit.

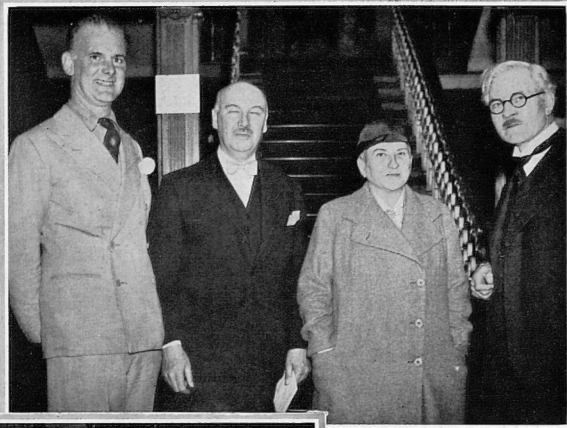
Inevitably the words—a Coronation Year débutante—lead one to the subject of Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball—the débutantes' own special festival ball, when just for one night Londoners who can afford to pay for the privilege may see the débutantes in mass formation as they walk up the ball-room linked by ribbons to an immense cake mounted on a trolley and guarded by chefs.

This dance and the pageantry connected with it never varies. Débutantes are "Maids of Honour" for the occasion, "ex-debs" are "Ladies-in-Waiting," Royalty (always a direct descendant of Queen Charlotte) cuts the cake, and the débutantes distribute it.

What Mr. Seymour Leslie, for many years organiser of this ball, does not know about "the ways" of débutantes and their mothers can hardly be worth knowing. Suave, smiling, soothing, enthusiastic, he "puts over" a brilliant show for Lady Howard de Walden's pet hospital.

This year the Duchess of Kent performed the cake-cutting ceremony, watched by the Duke, Lady Howard de Walden, and about sixteen hundred pairs of eyes. She looked very handsome and chose the rather unusual colour of dark brown for her evening dress, which was powdered with sequin stars.

With more than two hundred débutantes present, it is almost impossible to make distinctions, but I noticed Lady Honor Vaughan looking, as always, lovely, and Barbara Daniell, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. John Daniell, who is best described as a smaller edition of Lady Honor.



AT CAPTAIN RICHARD WYNDHAM'S EXHIBITION AT THE TOOTH GALERIES

In the group are the artist himself, Lord Berners, himself an artist of no mean talent as well as a musician, Miss Gertrude Stein, the poetess, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Captain Wyndham's exhibition of "Gentle Savages" and other new paintings opened on April 15 and remains open till May 14. "Gentle Savages" is not inapt, as some of the artist's studies of Soudanese women are of quite outstanding merit, and there are likewise many landscapes and pictures of home, including Petworth, his kinsman Lord Leconfield's famous seat in Sussex, which are excellent in their own different way



ALSO AT THE WYNDHAM EXHIBITION

Photos, Swatche

In the group are Mr. Robert Byron, author of so many interesting books, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Chichester, a brother and sister-in-law of Sir Edward Chichester, and Mr. Christopher Sykes, brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Richard Sykes of Sledmere

Patricia Eyres-Monsell (a débutante of last year) was with her mother, and two attractive "debs" of this season were Lady Carolyn Howard and Princess Tatiana Wiasemsky, whose mother had so far recovered from her accident as to be able to attend the ball as a spectator.

Grania Guinness, in silver, was chaperoned by her mother, Lady Moyne, and Lady Alexandra Egerton was also there.

It was a brilliantly spectacular ball, with an atmosphere of excited youth.

From Queen Charlotte's Ball to Ciro's, which has regained all its old popularity and seems to be packed out every night of the week.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent have been there several times and went on after leaving Queen Charlotte's Ball. The Duke danced with Lady Plunket, a fairy-like figure in a dress of blue-green. The Duchess partnered Lord Brecknock and, later, her husband. Lady Brecknock, prettiest of Ladies-in-Waiting, was in the party, and so were Lord Plunket and amusing Mrs. Humphrey Butler.

The Duchess of Sutherland wore black—how handsome she is, and much slimmer, too, since she went to America. She was with the Metcalles, Major "Fruity" and Lady

(Continued overleaf)



MISS MOYRA SCOTT

Bassano

The younger of Lord and Lady Francis Scott's two daughters is to be presented at one of the Coronation Courts by her aunt, Lady Cromer, and another aunt, Lady Violet Astor, is giving a dance for her at her house in Carlton House Terrace on June 9



## PANORAMA

—continued

Alexandra (the latter looking lovely, as usual), with Sir Melville Ward making a fourth.

Gloria Swanson, just arrived from Hollywood, was with Leslie Banks. Evelyn Laye and her husband, Frank Lawton, gave a cocktail party for her at the Dorchester to welcome her back to England after nearly four years' absence.

\* \* \*  
Cathleen Mann, who is Lady Queensberry in private life, reserved all her pictures, with the exception of one which she sent to the Academy, for her own show in the Hogarth Room at the Leicester Galleries.

Friends flocked to see them last week, and instead of the ordinary private view the artist decided on a cocktail party.

Pretty Mrs. Charles Sweeney was one of the several guests whose picture decorates the walls. Her husband was with her, and I might add, "of course," as the two seldom go out apart. Cathleen Mann shows Mrs. Sweeney wearing a dark frock with a rose red-and-white front, and has succeeded in catching her sitter's sweet expression remarkably well.

Richard Tauber and Diana Napier, his wife, came to look at their pictured selves, and there were admiring groups all the time round the portrait of Merle Oberon in a scarlet jacket and light skirt.

The flower pictures, which form a third of the show, are quite lovely, and judging from the number of times the remark, "Darling, they're too marvellous!" reached my ears all the visitors were of the same opinion!

Lord Queensberry helped his wife look after the guests, and Lady Queensberry was delightfully spring-like in a gay puce-coloured coat opening over a "leopard" printed silvery dress.

\* \* \*  
Friendship for Lord Berners as well as a love of ballet took many well-known people to Sadlers' Wells for the first performance of the *Wedding Bouquet*. Adjectives heard in the foyer during the interval or breathed in my neighbourhood during the actual performance, were "exquisite," "enchancing" and "divine." Lord Berners and Gertrude Stein, who collaborated with him in the ballet and came with him to see it produced, must have heard them many times, for enthusiastic congratulations were positively showered upon them.

Slim, dark-haired Mrs. Hofmanns-



Vera Walker

THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. WOOD AT GARROWBY HALL, YORKSHIRE

Lord Halifax's eldest son and heir is contesting the York constituency in the by-election caused by the appointment of Mr. Roger Lumley to the Governorship of Bombay. The Hon. Charles Wood is at present in the Blues. Lord Halifax's pack of harriers which he had before he went to India as Viceroy was called the Garrowby. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Neil Primrose



Poole, Dublin

AT PUNCESTOWN LAST WEEK

Miss Anne Hickman and Mr. I. Villiers-Stuart, M.F.H. (Waterford West) were among the big crowds who fared forth to Puncestown's famous course last week to watch them tempting Fate (and the undertaker) jumping that big bank. Miss Hickman, who has been hunting in Warwickshire for some time past, succeeds Mr. Villiers-Stuart in the Mastership of the Waterford West

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

thal looked very smart in a black frock and a bright red coat. After the performance she gave a supper party at her house in Regent's Park.

Lady Diana Cooper, who was escorted by Dr. Rudolf Kommer, wore one of the new evening head-dresses—white flowers with a veil of black tulle. With her looks she makes any fashion, even a rather absurd one, attractive.

Sir Thomas Beecham took a night off from Covent Garden to visit Sadlers' Wells, and came with Lady Cunard.

Among young men in the audience were Mr. David Herbert, film-producer Anthony Asquith, that brilliant artist Rex Whistler, Mr. Cecil Beaton and Mr. Oliver Messel.

\* \* \*  
Several hundred guests will be seeing the newly decorated German Embassy for the first time on May 13, when the German Ambassador and Frau von Ribbentrop have a reception in honour of the German delegates

to the Coronation. The choice of a date involves a diplomatic "clash," but only so far as entertaining goes. The 13th was chosen some time ago by the Austrian Minister for a similar party at the Legation in Belgrave Square.

For the sake of the guests going to Carlton House Terrace it is to be hoped the night is fine. Coronation week sight-seers will be about in great numbers on that night, and it's quite likely that guests going to the Embassy might create a traffic problem which they would have to solve by finishing the journey on foot.

Mention of the German Ambassador and his wife reminds me that the visit of a German man-of-war to Torquay took both the Ambassador and his wife to the Imperial Hotel there, where about five hundred guests gathered for the ball following the banquet given by Herr von Ribbentrop for the officers of the ship.

Torquay, too, attracted the American Ambassador and Mrs. Bingham, who went there for a brief rest and change of air the other day.

\* \* \*  
Just one more note of interest. The Ladies' Kennel Association Show takes place this year on May 19 at Olympia. Two Royal animal lovers, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Helena Victoria, are officially connected with this foremost of the women's dog societies. And, needless to say, those famous breeders and owners, Lorna Countess Howe and Baroness Burton are taking a prominent place in its organisation.





## "VICTORIA THE GREAT"

ANNA NEAGLE

AS THE

QUEEN

IN THE

NEW FILM

This striking and attractive portrait is the first to be taken of Anna Neagle in the magnificent reproduction of Queen Victoria's Coronation robes which she wears in *Victoria the Great*. This film, all the details of which are historically authentic, is in the making at the moment at Denham under the production and direction of Herbert Wilcox. It is a relief that the part of the Queen is to be taken by an English actress—Miss Neagle was born at Forest Gate—and that the illusion will not be dispelled, as it so often is, by transatlantic voice and manner. The story is written by Miles Malleson, who has drawn largely on Queen Victoria's own diaries. It covers the period from her accession to the death of the Prince Consort, and after this a succession of colour sequences shows the historical events of the reign with the old Queen as commentator

Photo: Fred Daniels



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Au Revoir!

WHEN next I bob up on this page—which won't be until the beginning of June, for I am just off on my first trip to America!—I hope to be able to say exactly wherein lies the peculiar vulgarity of Americanese and exactly why its influence on our journalesse is so deplorable. Blissfully to hand comes a four-page English trade paper called *The Talent Reporter*, and on its front page is the title, "Charlot's Show Clix." Other tasteful headings in this compilation are "Asher's Quick Buy of Glyder Novel" and "Rubens and Landeau Ready New Show." Half a page is devoted to handing bouquets to a gathering of people I have never heard of for achievements which seem to me either negligible or foolish. And the rest of it is occupied with a staccato account of the activities of many not very important artists and the making of films which I have no desire ever to see. I note in a comparatively sane evening paper the report of a remark made by the witty Mr. Justice Mackinnon, who had been reading some literature about films in a King's Bench case: "It is written in jargon I don't recognise as English; I have always regarded this industry as the greatest menace that has ever arisen to literature, art and civilisation!" When confronted with things like *The Talent Reporter* I do genuinely wonder if the judge's famous remark had not a strong fundament of serious intention.

Perhaps, too, when I return I shall be able to say why Hollywood will so brilliantly spoil a good thing when it does get hold of one. In the intervals of packing all the things I won't need on a transatlantic liner I have been to the Empire to see *The Man in Possession*. This is a smooth and well-made film which has had abundance of care and craft expended on it, and which just amounts to hardly anything at all because Miss Jean Harlow is absurdly miscast. Crystal Wetherby hopes to be married by a supposedly rich man who imagines she is herself enormously rich. The rich man's scapegrace brother, Raymond, intervenes, discovers that the lady is a prey to writs and bailiffs, and becomes her handsome unmanageable butler. This part, too, may be said to roar out for Mr. Robert Montgomery, but is given instead to the comparatively amateurish Mr. Robert Taylor, whose smile seems immediately to disarm whatever criticism may exist in a hundred million ladies' bosoms. I think I should have placed Miss Loretta Young in the part of the lady who should be tall, have poise and glitter, and a delicious sense of the absurdity of her situation. It is not the fault of Miss Harlow that she is short instead of commanding, and merely peevish when she should be disdainful, though perhaps she might learn to make her naked shoulders a little less petulant. Miss Harlow, in short, slouches sullenly through what ought to be high comedy as if she did not care a rap for it, and wears some slashed black velvet gowns as if she liked them no better than the story. The film begins amusingly enough with Crystal and Raymond having a row in a box at the Opera while a tenor sings "Celeste Aida!" But this is nonsense again. For who ever heard of fashionables being in their places during the first ten minutes of the opera, when that great aria occurs?

The film over, the Empire's clever organist, Mr. Sandy Macpherson, shot up at the wheel of his great wedding cake of a Wurlitzer and treated us to an item entitled *Correspondence*, in which he gave musical answers to some of the recent letters he has received. A gentleman from Harrow demanding some proper organ music was granted the Finale of a Widor Symphony. Widor still and Widor should the cinema-organ's bounds be set. And Mr. Macpherson's organ was mightier yet in a succeeding number called forth by a young lady from Brixton who requested him to make it "sob like Bing Crosby"! Mr. Macpherson having thus ingeniously, inexpensively, and satisfactorily answered his letters, the programme was rounded off with a film called *Gipsy* which, but for the always astonishing sincerity of Mr. Roland Young as Alan Brooks, would have attained to ultimate bathos. This concerned a little Hungarian spitfire called Hassina, who was beloved by a lion-tamer, and who followed him all the



FEATURED IN THE NEW ASTAIRE-ROGERS FILM:  
HARRIET HOCTOR

Harriet Hocter is the lovely dancer who played the part of herself in *The Great Ziegfeld*. She is now prominent in the new Radio picture, *Shall We Dance*, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. In the picture she is merely practising, so the attractiveness of her performance when she really gets going may easily be imagined

way to England by dint of (a) cadging a lift from an Austrian gentleman in a car that crossed the German frontier, (b) stowing away with a Frenchman in a wagon-lit, (c) stowing away in a private aeroplane with an English man of means and being privately landed in Kent, (d) getting a lift to London on the back of a young fellow-me-lad's motor bike, (e) hiding in Alan Brooks's car, fainting on his doorstep, and being carried into his flat. Thence Hassina emerged in the morning, still a spitfire and still blazingly pure, and made her way to her lion-tamer's circus only to learn that the fellow, according to report, had been eaten *en route*! So she turned back to the hospitable bachelor-flat, married Mr. Brooks, and lived happily ever after excepting for a trying five minutes when the lion-tamer turned up again, uneaten but himself espoused. Mr. Frederick Burtwell made a monumental owl of Mr. Brooks's butler, and Mr. Hugh Williams tamed ladies and lions with a cool perfection.

Let me conclude with a heartening paragraph which has just caught my eye in turning again to *The Talent Reporter*. It is headed "Songbird in London," and runs: "The famous Bulgarian prima donna, Iva Stalina, is now in London to perfect her English prior to leaving for a trip around the world. Miss Stalina has charm and a glamorous personality that's undoubtedly going a long way in films." I have a certain pang at leaving behind me a London so beglamoured. But then, look how I am going to perfect my American!

\* \* \*  
Gladys Swarthout, the young and beautiful American operatic star, appears with Fred McMurray and Jack Oakie in *Champagne Waltz* at the Dominion. The cast also includes Veloz and Yolanda, Herman Bing, Vivienne Osborne and Fritz Leiber. Also at the Dominion is *Pluck of the Irish*, starring James Cagney and Mae Clarke.

## AT THE CLARKE HALL



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LADY WEYMOUTH LISTENING TO  
MR. FREDERICK LONSDALE

Last Wednesday night H.R.H. the Duke of Kent presided at a dinner held at Claridges to benefit the funds of the Clarke Hall Fellowship. This Fellowship is linked up with the National Association of Probation Officers and has as its object the development of Juvenile Courts and Probation as a means of saving young law breakers from themselves. In appealing for £50,000, H.R.H. spoke movingly on the question of crime and punishment, and urged the importance of the Association's ambition to prevent young first offenders from becoming habitual criminals. Lord Halifax, Lord Privy Seal, and Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, also had something to say, and Mr. Herman Lebus, the Hon. Treasurer, was able to announce a total of over £13,000 in donations. Lord Feversham and Lady Mary Dunn were Joint-Chairmen of the dinner, the former made a short speech, but Lord Rosslyn's daughter contented herself with looking very charming and being a social success. The Duchess of Rutland, one of the four Duchesses who will hold the cloth-of-gold canopy over the Queen's head during part of the Coronation ceremony sat on the Duke of Kent's left. Other decorative personalities present included Lady Weymouth who had that brilliant playwright Frederick Lonsdale to entertain her at dinner: Lady Stavordale, one of the collectors for the evening's good cause, and Mrs. John Goodenay, who was a Vice-Chairman of the dinner.

Photographs: Sashu



MRS. JOHN GOODENAY, A VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE DINNER  
LORD ROSSLYN, LADY WADDILOVE AND LORD HALIFAX





LE KSAR, 2,000 GUINEAS WINNER,  
C. H. SEMBLAT UP

France "had a mortgage on" the Two Thousand Guineas since M. E. de St. Alary's Le Ksar, bred and trained in France, and ridden by a French jockey, won it in a common canter with M. M. Boussac's French-bred Goya II in second place. Le Ksar is out of the same dam as William of Valence

legendary in Ireland for his horsemanship and courage on a horse and off one. It was when I was a subaltern at Cahir in 1911 that I knew him slightly, hunting with Richard Burke and the Tipperary Hounds. Ruddigore, the sire of Pay Only and many good 'chasers, he used to hunt regularly all the season before retiring him to the nuptial couch in the early spring, and I can see him now near Cashel forcing the old horse on at a five-foot stone-faced narrow bank with a strand of wire on the top, and getting over with a noise like a Jew's harp. He was about sixty at the time, a fact which shamed another subaltern and myself into following him and landing in four separate heaps. He was a grand old man, and there are few left like him. We have had meetings at Epsom, Sandown, and last, but not least, Pontefract. It was to this latter venue that duty called me to observe the running of, if not a racehorse, at any rate a horse which habitually goes on racecourses, in which I had an interest.

It is a terrible place to get to from the south, and to save a rush an 8.30 start is necessary in a half-speed train with only a half-fledged breakfast car. The crossword puzzle was beyond me, the view of the floods from the window monotonous, and the gigantic lady opposite ridiculous, sitting with her hat blotting out the last line of the advertisement "Broad front. Ample amusements. Go to Great Yarmouth." Nearly four hours in the train, followed by fifteen miles in a taxi is a long way to go to be drawn outside but one on the five furlong course at Pontefract, more especially when it has been raining stair-roads uninterruptedly for forty-eight hours. The executive couldn't help themselves; the going was very heavy but there was nothing to be done. To get back to London in time for dinner allows one to see two races and then taxi back to Doncaster. Thank goodness I've nothing entered for the St. Kilda Derby. Which reminds me, though I stand to be corrected, that a short time ago entries were invited for das Braunisher Braubande, or some such name, a

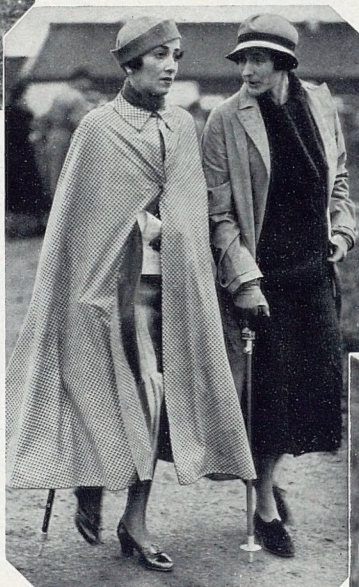
# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

YET another of the old brigade has passed on in Mr. W. P. Hanly, of Lanespark, Tipperary. Not perhaps so well known in England, he was almost

contest for some fabulous number of marks to be run for in Germany. I think it only right to point out that there is some slight formality which allows only fifty marks to be taken out of the country, so that the lucky winner would be forced either (a) to take up residence in the Fatherland till he had blown his winnings, (b) to make a gesture and lend it to Dr. Schacht to buy bombers with, or (c) to take it out in, say, a shipload of sauerkraut and chance cashing it during the muck-spreading season.

Epsom was just as cold and miserable as only Epsom can be with the rain driving straight into the stands and boxes. The Orris colt is a grand goer and the image of his father, but it is a bit too much to be asked to bet at 6-4 on an animal drawn 17 and carrying a ten-pound penalty into the teeth of a squall in treacherous going. A friend of mine, a Scotchman, had a particularly bad meeting, but two incidents in the week stood out alone in souring his otherwise sweet nature. First he was approached to ask an owner if he would take a tenner for an undergrown runt which had run last in a selling plate to make a child's pony. Trying to keep a look of Machiavellian cunning out of his eyes he offered the owner £7 10s. "Done," cried the latter. "I was going to have given someone a quid to drown it with their next lot of kittens." Fifty-bob profit, certainly, but it might have been £11! Next day, calling to see his father, that worthy and enthusiastic Northerner immediately touched him for a quid for the Burns Mausoleum. "Arl we Scots should dae something for Robbie," he said. "Robbie," ejacu-



AT THE NEWMARKET SPRING  
SALES: MISS DIANA CHAMBERS  
AND LADY PORTMAN

Miss Chambers' cape was a distinctive sartorial feature at the Sales. Nothing very spectacular occurred in the bidding line, the top figure being 900 guineas for Incendiaire, the very useful Chrysler II being unsold at 3,700 guineas.

lated the unfortunate punter. "Robbie be sugared. Give us back that quid. I thought you meant Jack."

I don't think I have ever seen a consistently more lucky meeting for one man and more unlucky for another than



ALSO AT THE SALES:  
LORD ALLENDALE WITH MR. AND  
THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT

Lord Allendale is a breeder and an owner under both codes and is very well known as a fox-hunter with the Tynedale. The Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait is Baroness Beaumont's sister

(Continued on p. xxiv)



## A RE-ECHO OF SANDOWN PARK



MR. DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, MISS  
MARGARET STIRLING AND MR. A. COLLINS



SISTERS THREE: THE MISSES PAMELA,  
DIANA AND ROSEMARY HOWARD



MISS ISABEL VILLIERS WITH  
MR. JOHN WEDDERBURN-WILSON

ON RIGHT: MRS. GEORGE ISMAY  
AND MR. CUTHBERT STEWART

### MR. AND MRS. RUPERT BYASS

Here are a few of the many patrons of Sandown's recent Spring Meeting. The fine weather brought out some nice new suits, one of which was worn by Mrs. Rupert Byass; note the ocelot pockets and revers. Scotland's representatives included Colonel Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel's eldest son, and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Stirling's elder daughter, and among débutantes present was Miss Rosemary Howard, who is being presented to-night, May 5th. Her uncle, Mr. Edward F. W. James, of West Dean Park, gave a dance for her early in April



### LORD AND LADY LINDSAY

There are few more energetic couples than the Earl and Countess of Lindsay. Travelling from Scotland by the night train they did several jobs in London, and still were at Sandown in time for the first race. Lord Lindsay has been Master and Joint-Master of the Fife since 1920. His wife, besides being a leading owner of 'chasers—her Blue Prince was second in the National of 1935—is a very keen gardener. Mrs. George Ismay, who motored down with Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, is Mr. Bruce Ismay's American daughter-in-law. Mr. Wedderburn-Wilson, seen with Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Victoria Villiers' daughter, has a place near Newbury





Indre Shira  
PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION  
OF MUKHRANI

The only daughter of H.H. Princess Tatiana of Russia and H.H. Prince Constantin Bagration of Mukhrani. The Bagrations ruled over Georgia from 574 to the nineteenth century, and legend has it that King David was one of their ancestors. Princess Natasha, who is a cousin through her mother of the Duchess of Kent, is staying in London as the guest of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, and is chairman of the Junior Committee of the "Royalty Through the Ages Ball" to be held on June 1st at the Dorchester in aid of the St. Luke's Day Nurseries

a mental game enjoyable by all. As for a conversational monologue, I infinitely prefer to read a book—which really is a monologue; with the added joy of being able to cut it short when one wishes. I don't believe the Art of Conversation is a lost art. I believe that very few people have ever had, or ever have the talent. By comparison with the chatter which passes for conversation, silence is dazzlingly golden. You have only to listen to the average group of people talking to realise this. Its dullness is intensified when the meeting is a social one and "best behaviour" pours on the "polish" without creating the least shine. It isn't easy to keep up an interesting, amusing conversation without degenerating into mere gossip, or, worse still, telling "funny" yarns. One has to possess what I will call a universal kind of mind if waves of aimless drivel are not to engulf the meeting. That is, of course, unless people have met to discuss one topic relentlessly. The art of making ordinary—I will not call them "little"—things interesting and amusing is a very rare art, ingrained in a certain type of mind and impossible to cultivate, since complete spontaneity is its chief essential.

And, as an example of the art of taking ordinary things and making them a delight, let me give Sir John Squire's new book, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). Almost anyone can make a book up of exploration in the Arctic regions. The theme is there—interesting in itself,

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Delightfully Discursive Book.

**D**ON'T you dislike the person whose only idea of a good conversation is an argument? I do. I hate arguments. They are such a waste of time as a rule. Nobody is ever really convinced by them or, if they are, it is usually conviction drenched in "bad blood." Even discussions are to be avoided, unless the ball of talk is so light, so deftly thrown, and so harmless as to make the whole thing

however uninspired may be the treatment. Which perhaps is why so many modern writers, with nothing within themselves to write about, rush to the furthest corners of the earth to make, at all costs, a book. Not so Sir John. He goes no further than Devonshire. In fact, I am rather vague, as to whether he ever gets there at all! Anyway, he sets out to walk from London to his old school in Devonshire—walk, when he doesn't actually get driven in a stranger's car! He is no professional "hiker"; one who would die sooner than own he had done a few miles sitting down in a car or train. All he demands is to get *there*. Get there leisurely, without any sense of hurry, and to linger, if he will, by the way and, within reason, for so long as he likes to do so. And this is exactly what he does, mentally more than physically. One thing leads to another as the mind works, and so in this delightful book one may actually be with the writer in Glastonbury, pack on shoulders, but in imagination we have gone back with him into the past, or forward into the future, or are sitting in Queen's Hall listening to Debussy conducting his own works, or interviewing Mussolini, or watching a village cricket match, or discussing birds, or—well, doing anything which has nothing to do with Glastonbury except as one thing leads to another and a start has to be made somewhere.

So one reads on and on, interesting, amused and always charmed and entertained. And really this is a much better way of walking with an author from London to Devonshire than if he had kept relentlessly to the journey, making a guide-book of his adventures or informing us about things relentlessly bounded by the horizon as we went along. I like, for example, the account of conversations overheard in country "pubs,"—so typical of certain outlooks, be they of the country or of the town. I like the account of staying with friends who, restricted to the average countryman and woman's conversation, seize upon the author to talk and talk until the early hours of the morning; having not the least interest in his desire to go on walking towards Devonshire. In fact, from beginning to end, if ever a book were entirely and delightfully readable, this one is. It isn't about any one thing specially, least of all a long journey on foot, but it is about a hundred and one things, so to speak, in parenthesis. Here is an example: we had started off on the top of the Mendips by Pen Hill, but before we had taken many steps, if any at all, we had come *via* St. Joseph of Arimathea, Cheddar Caves, a youthful recollection, two lines by Thomas

Ingoldsby, to this: "It seems hardly possible

to even ordinary sensible minds of our generation that we could have done almost anything that, as a nation, we have done in the past. Why on earth did we wage the Hundred Years' War, or the Wars of the Roses? Why on earth did we allow ourselves to get to such a point as to have to stomach the Tudors? Why did we let Oliver Cromwell murder the King and then murder Parliament in the cause of Parliament *versus* the King? Why did we bring in that ghastly Dutchman? Why did we lose a reluctant America, with Pitt, Fox, and Burke telling us not to? . . . How could we have supposed that a League of Nations based on the doctrine of 'One Nation, One Vote,' would work in a world so variegated in regard to race, climate, development, and power, and with nations all of different sizes? Theory,

(Continued on page 208)



ARRIVING FOR THE CORONATION

H.E. Sir Robert Craigie, K.C.M.G., Lady Craigie, and their son, about to disembark at Plymouth from the *Queen Mary*, which brought a large and important contribution of Coronation visitors. Sir Robert Craigie was lately appointed British Ambassador to Japan, having succeeded Sir Robert Clive. Lady Craigie's father, the late Hon. P. A. Stovell, was in the American Diplomatic Service



## AT THE SCOTT-HOME WEDDING



LORD AND LADY DELAMERE ON THEIR WAY  
TO THE RECEPTION



LORD WILLIAM SCOTT AND HIS BRIDE  
LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S



MAJOR THE HON. WILLIAM  
AND MRS. ALEXANDER



MISS KENYON-SLANEY  
AND LADY HAMILTON



MR. AND MRS. HENRY  
TIARKS (JOAN BARRY)



LADY CLARE KING AND MISS AGNES KING,  
HER DAUGHTER

All the people who went to the wedding of Lord William Scott and Lady Rachel Home last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, had to battle their way through the surging crowds out to see their Majesties go down the River to open the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended the ceremony, as the bridegroom is Her Royal Highness's brother. The bride, who carried a somewhat unusual bouquet of magnolias, like her husband hails from the Border, as one of Lord and Lady Home's seats is in Berwickshire. Lord William Scott used to be in 10th and had another 10th Hussar as his best man, his brother, Lord George Francis Scott. Their uncle, Lord George Scott, was also 10th. One of his daughters married Captain Drummond Moray last January and another daughter married Lord Delamere, who is seen arriving at the reception with his wife. Another uncle, Lord Francis Scott, got home from Kenya in time for the wedding. The Hon. William Alexander, seen arriving with his wife, is Lord Caledon's youngest brother, and was in the Irish Guards, as was another brother, Col. the Hon. Harold Alexander. Mrs. Henry Tiarks is probably better known to many people as Miss Joan Barry, but since her marriage she has hardly acted at all, to the regret of a good many. Lady Hamilton, who is with Miss Kenyon-Slaney, is the former Lady Kathleen Crichton, and is a sister of the Earl of Erne, who has played polo ere now for the Blues, who are not this year competing in the Inter-Regimental. Lady Clare King, who is seen with her daughter, is one of Lord Gainsborough's aunts and married Captain Charles King, formerly Coldstream



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued.

theory: what crimes are committed in thy name!" Which shows you that, if you like a discursive book, half-travel, half-pensées—and I do enormously—here is one which will delight you from beginning to end.

## A Fallen Victorian Giant.

I wonder why things "gone"—things as well as people—are almost immediately bathed in a tender glamour? While they were there, metaphorically speaking, we failed to see their gracious qualities because of those which it irritated us to look at. Again with people as with things. Even old photographs, although they make us smile, equally make us feel rather inclined to weep. For one thing, they seem to give us a glimpse into a world—so "dead" nowadays that by comparison Eden seems almost up to date!—which was not wrecked mentally and morally by war on the horizon, Communism, violence, gas-masks, enmity, hatred, and motor-horns "deafening" most of the quiet sanctuaries of the earth. We live nowadays in such fear, in such a rush, that a world comparatively steady comparatively stable, happily at peace, appears rather like Heaven without having to die to get there! And so very many things nowadays which speak of Yesterday appear as belonging to a world which then went very well. Even past absurdities achieve the tender affection of old friends. And what were a little time ago regarded as absurdities appear more like "sense" in comparison with the tyrannical idiocy which now abounds and flourishes.

Take, for instance, that famous Victorian "monument," about which Mr. Christopher Hobhouse has written such a very delightful book, "1851 and the Crystal Palace" (Murray; 7s. 6d.). You well remember it was once considered a sign of "culture" to jeer at this colossal achievement of an earnest Victorianism desiring nothing so much as to be staggered by its own inventiveness. Now it is gone we are beginning to realise that it was, in its way, a superb thing. (I have a horrid suspicion that the Albert Memorial has only to be burnt down to be discovered worthy of the National Trust!) The Crystal Palace was always however, far more typical of the age in which it was conceived. Mr. Hobhouse makes the most delicious comedy out of Prince Albert's earnestness and the fervour of its early adorers. Without a hint, moreover, of that exaggerated burlesque which belongs to the "debunking" school of ridicule. He makes the scene historically correct as well as amusing—as, indeed, so many over-earnest people and things are amusing when their earnestness achieves fulfilment in the grandiose school of achievement. In this he is helped by some of the finest specimens of contemporary illustrations I have ever enjoyed with amused wonderment. Round about 1851 was an age when difficult complications often constituted "art." Nothing was to be plain. Which, in parenthesis, is no more irritating than the "art" of this age, when, if not attaining to a relentlessly straight-lined and bare effect, must look as little like the thing presented as is possible. Everything decorative in 1851 was to be smothered in decoration. Everything "drapable" was to be draped. A plain surface was an affront. And what pains artists and craftsmen went to in order to

achieve decoration for the sake of difficulty! Mr. Hobhouse gives, as one amusing example, the testimonial plate which Lord Ellenborough received for his work as Governor-General of India: "The centre-piece was supported by three absurd, recumbent elephants; round the pedestal a Sepoy gloated over captive Afghans and Chinese, against a background of basso-relief; on the summit Britannia embraced Asia, whilst Asia endeavoured to place a laurel-wreath on Britannia's helmet. The candelabra were really lovely: recumbent camels supported a rococo vine beneath the shade of which postured the Ganges and the Indus; while countless vases, wine-coolers, and fruit dishes carried on the symbolism with the same unconstrained exuberance." One can easily remember for oneself other examples of this strange exuberance and visual vexation. Even Victorian picture-frames twisted and twirled in the agony of a gilt manifestation of nothing. It is all amusing to look back upon now, and Mr. Hobhouse has made the whole period an enchanting "museum piece" on paper. I loved the account of how the

Duke of Wellington, whose duty it was to supervise the Park (he had little love for the Great Exhibition), going every morning to see how things were progressing, but finding a far more difficult job in removing a strange female who had set up her tent among a group of bushes. The last years of the Palace are described with that quiet humour which is at once tender and wise. It brings to a close a delightful volume in which social history and at least one era's "crowning engineering achievement" are portrayed in a manner which makes it not only a joy to read once but a book to keep and re-read again and again.

## When Armchair Politicians Meet.

Over-ardent politicians have rarely a sense of humour. To be able to laugh at themselves is an impossibility, especially if they be members of the "Left" Wing. So these will not enjoy the amusing satire of Mr. A. J. Cole's new novel, "This Happy Breed" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). Least of all if their political life consists entirely of an armchair with a book, or a public meeting with a chairman. The scene of the story is one of those guest-houses which throws open its doors to various schools of thought all thinking alike. One weekend, however, two very different groups invade the place,

though their political "aim" is identical. They are both anti-Fascist. But whereas the proletarian group, headed by an ex-M.P. of devastating wordiness and stupidity, arrive in a vulgar charabanc, the other group, composed of young men and women in violent sweaters, headed by a member of the aristocratic "intelligentsia," come in individual motor-cars, from the tumbledown to the Rolls-Royce. When these two groups meet there is comedy and drama, but it ends by being more anti-each other than anti-Fascist. The satire is "wickedly" worked out, but it is vastly entertaining. The wit draws blood, but the operation is very amusing. The story is lightness itself, though there is a certain pathetic strain running through the comedy to give it "body" beneath its frivolous surface value. Unless your political idealism be beyond all hope of a chuckle, you will enjoy, to side-splitting point, this ironical study of Marxism in massed concentration.



T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL

Their Royal Highnesses arriving at Grosvenor House at the tenth birthday ball for débutantes in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The "Royal Cake Ceremony" was performed by 260 Coronation Year débutantes as Maids of Honour and 80 of last year's débutantes as Maids-in-Waiting. The Duchess of Kent cut the giant cake which it was the débutantes' task to escort into the ballroom. The Grosvenor House Cabaret gave an excellent performance during the evening



## WYE ANGLERS

## ARE ANGLING!



MR. R. P. DE SHOREDICKE CHURCHWARD AND  
COLONEL CONGREVE ON THE GLASBURY WATER



BRIGADIER-GENERAL  
A. G. PRITCHARD



MAJOR SIR CHARLES ROWLEY  
AND MR. F. P. BEYNON



COLONEL CONGREVE



MISS M. ARKWRIGHT AND  
CAPTAIN ROGER PLOWDEN



Photos: Truman Howell  
BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. MAKINS

One of the principal reasons why anglers angle on the Wye is because the fish are running big and are producing first-class sport, and another reason, and one that it seems scarcely necessary to state, is that the water is good in every river in the land. Most of the pictures in this page were taken of people who were fishing Sir James Caird's beat at Glasbury. Captain Roger Plowden and Miss M. Arkwright were, however, in Lord Trevethin's house-party at Abernant. Captain Plowden lives in Shropshire, and is a cousin of Lord Zetland, who has the Indian portfolio—and a packet of trouble with it. Sir Charles Rowley, formerly a Grenadier Guard, is with Mr. Beynon, who pulled a 48-pounder out of the river the day before the photographer pounced upon them. Mr. Shoredicke Churchward, who is seen with Colonel Congreve, is in the Coldstream (R. of O.). Colonel Congreve is an uncle of the present Baronet, Sir Geoffrey, who is a sailor. Brigadier-General Pritchard used to have the 5th Cavalry Brigade in India. He was originally a Connaught Ranger, the regiment generally supposed to have been Kipling's "Black Tyrone"; and finally, Brigadier-General Makins, who is the Member for Knutsford, has been Colonel of The Royals since 1931. He first joined them in 1892



# CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST



THE R.A.C. GOLF CLUB DINNER AT EPSOM: BY "MEL"

About seventy members of the R.A.C. Golf Club and their guests foregathered recently for an excellent dinner and cabaret at the Clubhouse, Woodcote Park, Epsom, and our diligent "Mel" managed to collect a few of the high lights, presented in the above picture. The names are, left to right (back): Messrs. Gerald Bennett, H. E. Bennett, J. Nightingall, W. M. Macaw (captain of the Club), Col. J. Sealy-Clarke (Chairman of the R.A.C., Pall Mall), Major "Tiny" Barton, and Mr. E. Gibbons, (seated) Mr. R. B. Grey and Dr. J. E. C. Bradley

THE Silver King tournament at Moor Park this year was, I thought, an unqualified success—except, perhaps, from the point of view of those who, like myself, have to send their daily story on the telephone. When they converted the gigantic mansion into a clubhouse, they discovered that it had only two bath-rooms. Now it has only one telephone. One evening newspaper representative waited fifty minutes before he could get through on a midday call. The golf, however, could not have been more entertaining, and we shall be lucky if again this year we are treated to so interesting a position as prevailed in this tournament at the end of three rounds. Cotton, Perry, Cox and Lacey, you may remember, were together at 211, with Mahon one stroke behind. One or two of them might be relied upon to run into misfortune in some shape or another—a five at a short hole, perhaps, or a "sucker" in mid-fairway—but it was obvious that the winner must put in a smashing score to beat the lot of them.

The first bit of luck went to Cotton—and who shall say that it did not turn the scale in his favour? It was simply that he was drawn to start half an hour before Perry and at least an hour before the rest of them. He got away to a clean start, his mind unconfused by tales of what anyone else was doing, and free to concentrate on the single object of getting round in as few as he possibly could himself. After a moderate start, in which he dropped two strokes in the first three holes, he finished in what may truthfully be called a characteristic 68—yet the manner of his compiling that 68 was far from characteristic. His score was built up in the same manner in which Padgham used to burn up the various courses last year. Here was a new and, if the truth be told, a rather more entertaining player.

If I were asked to name the strongest shot in Cotton's game, I should say it was the high, dropping shot to the flag, with anything from a No. 4 iron to a mashie-niblick. As to the weakest—well, we don't need to rub that in. But at

Moor Park the position was completely reversed. Here was a man who could not hit his hat with a mashie-niblick, but whose putter was inspired with magic. For the four rounds his total number of putts was 32, 31, 29, 27. On each of the last six holes of the tournament he had only one. Not only was the result of his efforts on the green a welcome change, but the method also seemed to inspire more confidence. He himself said that he had made no conscious change, that he had "just gone on," feeling they were bound to drop some day. For myself, though the wish may have been father to the thought, for this has long been my theory of putting, I felt sure that his club moved more slowly and more smoothly. He did not stand fixedly over the ball for so long; did not give the impression that he was "stuck" and unable to start the backswing. At any rate, his score for the vital last nine holes was 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 3—and of these only eleven were putts. On the two short holes, the tenth and twelfth, where he took two putts, he missed his attempt at holing the first by a cat's whisker. Cotton may not win the Open, he may not win another tournament this year; but I should like to take a handsome wager, with anyone who will lay the odds, that he heads the averages.

That cheerful young Irishman, Pat Mahon, came into his own at Moor Park. One stroke behind at the end of the third round, he went desperately near to forcing Cotton to play off for the first prize. Sixty-seven to tie—what a prospect with which to face the last round! Yet, with a superb exhibition of courage and skill, he was left with 4, 3, 3 to do it. He made a fatal slip at last at the sixteenth when he missed one of those "missable" ones for his four, and only a 3 and a 2 could save him. He missed the three by a hair's-breadth, his ball running round the rim of the hole, but he got the two. His last seven rounds in competitive play have been 71, 70, 69, 72, 67, 73, and 68. It's time he won something.





## THE WAREHOUSEMEN, CLERKS AND DRAPERS SCHOOLS COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL

By "MEL"

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was President of the fiftieth Annual Commemoration Festival of the Warehousemen, Clerks and Drapers Schools. While the Festival commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of children from the retail side of the textile trades, the foundation is far older, as it was formed in the interests of necessitous and orphaned children of the wholesale trade in 1853. The Rt. Hon. Lord Hollenden is Chairman of the Board of Management, and he was one of the most prominent speakers on behalf of the Appeal. Lord Hartington, who is the Duke of Devonshire's heir and represents West Derbyshire in the Commons, is President of the Schools. It fell to him to propose the toast of the Duke of Kent. Sir Woodman Burbidge is Treasurer and a Vice-President. Mr. G. F. Ridley is the energetic secretary of the Schools and he was responsible for the arrangements of this successful occasion.

(NEXT WEEK: CHURCH STRETTON GOLF CLUB)





H.E. THE AUSTRIAN MINISTER WITH  
MISS SYCER AND MR. TONY BUCKNILL

## BRAVE AND FAIR AT THE BAVARIAN BALL



THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. SCOTT-ELLIS, SON AND  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN



THE COMTE DE MONTGELAS, MRS. NINA  
SOAMES AND THE HON. MARK WATSON



COUSINS: PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION  
AND H.H. PRINCE VSEVOLDE OF RUSSIA



LORD LYELL HAS SUPPER WITH HIS  
HOSTESS, LADY VERNEY



COUNT WORONZOW AND THE HON.  
MRS. ANTHONY VIVIAN



MISS MARJORIE WILSON AND MR. KENNETH  
CRAWLEY WERE IN LADY VERNEY'S PARTY

The Bavarian Ball, held last week at the Park Lane Hotel, was under the auspices of the Anglo-German Kameradschaft, lately formed to promote understanding and good feeling between the youth of both countries. Miss Fass, daughter of the Public Trustee, Sir Ernest Fass, is largely responsible for this excellent young idea, and she was hostess at the Ball. Tirolean dress being encouraged, there was a fine showing of jaunty hats, embroidered jackets, and lederhosen among the 1100 dancers. The Austrian Minister, Baron Georg Frankenstein, played the part of an onlooker. So did Lady Verney, who brought a youthful party some twenty strong. Lord Lyell, Scots Guards Supplementary Reserve, was one of her guests, and Miss Marjorie Wilson, daughter of Sir Leslie Wilson, Governor of Queensland, was another. Captain George Pitt-Rivers, who lives in Dorset, was also a party-bringer. The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian is Lord Vivian's daughter-in-law



MISS BECKY SHARPE, CAPTAIN PITT-  
RIVERS AND MISS BOTHAMLEY





LADY GEORGIANA IN  
MORE SMILING MOOD

*Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House*

#### LADY GEORGIANA KIDSTON: TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

A son and heir was born to Lieutenant Home Kidston, R.N., and Lady Georgiana Kidston on April 17th, and congratulations from their many friends have poured in upon them. Lord and Lady Howe's beautiful daughter was married in November 1935 to the youngest son of the late Captain Glen Kidston, at the little village church at Penn Street, Amersham, Buckinghamshire, where Lord Howe's seat, Penn House, is. Lieutenant H. R. A. Kidston is at present borne in H.M.S. *Vernon*, the Torpedo School and Experimental Establishment at Portsmouth, and is detailed to Motor Torpedo Boats





MISS MARYOTH HAY DANCING  
WITH LORD HOWLAND



H.H. PRINCE VSEVOLDE OF RUSSIA WITH  
MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL



MR. AND MRS. FRANK DOUGLAS AND LORD SELSDON  
WERE IN CAPITAL HEART



CARL BRISSON AND HIS SMART  
AND ATTRACTIVE WIFE



SIR WALTER FORREST, YORKSHIREMAN, WITH  
VISCOUNTESS SNOWDEN



MR. AND MRS. EVERARD GATES WHO  
ARE JUST BACK FROM PERU



SIR JOHN AND LADY MULLENS  
WHO BROUGHT A PARTY



BRIG.-GENERAL HOLDSWORTH  
AND LADY ASHFIELD

The Coronation Ball, held at the Albert Hall on City and Suburban night, had the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, as its particularly good cause. It also had a particularly good organiser and chairman in the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Lord Hirst's elder daughter, a photograph of whom, with her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, vice-chairman of the Ball Committee, appeared in last week's issue. Lady Ashfield, the wife of London's transport chief, was president. She is seen here with Brigadier-General Holdsworth, who used to be in the 7th Hussars and now lives at Glynde Place, near Lewes. Lord and Lady Selsdon brought a party, Mrs. Carl Brisson brought her stage-famous husband, as well as a magnificent silver-fox wrap, and Sir Walter Forrest brought a very pleasant smile. Sir Walter has had a distinguished career in Yorkshire public life and used to represent a West Riding Division. Sir John Mullens, formerly Government Broker, has a place in Surrey as well as a house in Belgrave Square. Lord Howland is Lord Tavistock's elder son. Lady Snowden, wife of the distinguished statesman, is one of the ablest of women J.P.s. Incidentally she loves a party



## THE CORONATION BALL

LADY SELSDON TALKING TO MRS. JOHN GOODENAY  
AND CAPT. THE HON. RICHARD NORTONTHE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD  
HAVEN AND LORD JERSEYMRS. SIMON MARKS WITH THE  
MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVENMAJOR-GENERAL LORD HUTCHISON WITH  
MRS. JAMES MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRITCHTONMR. AND MRS. STANHOPE JOEL FACED  
THE CAMERA WITH FRIENDLY SMILESLORD VAUGHAN, LORD LISBURNE'S SON,  
AND MISS MARYOTH HAY

Nowadays no charity ball is considered complete without some form of extra entertainment, such as a cabaret. At the Coronation Ball nearly 750 performers, among them Empire troops in uniform, were on view in patriotic pageantry, the theme of "Loyalty" being finally exemplified by a huge living crown. Onlookers were very impressed, and Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, now closely concerned with Denham Film Studios, may well have seen the makings of a good picture in the performance. The Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven trod several measures together, and Lord Vaughan's many attractive young partners included Lord Edward Hay's elder daughter, Miss Maryoth Hay, who is to be congratulated on having such a distinctive name. Major General Lord Hutchison of Montrose, ex-cavalryman, entered the political arena when he left the Army; he used to be Chief Liberal Whip. Mrs. Philip Carr, splendidly sunburnt after wintering in the West Indies, was in a box with the Member for East Surrey, and Mrs. Vernon Tate, Lord de Clifford's mother, was also supping when photographed. The Stanhope Joels were looking very hearty; they had a long holiday at Mürren last winter

AT SUPPER: MRS. VERNON TATE  
AND MR. RICHMOND TEMPLEMRS. PHILIP CARR AND MR. CHARLES  
EMMOTT, M.P. FOR EAST SURREY



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



KEEPING A HUNTED  
HUSBAND'S END UP:  
LAWRENCE ANDERSON,  
MARGARET RAWLINGS,  
GEORGE MERRITT

**I**N the annals of murder by knife, poison, pistol or strangling fingers, there is hardly a celebrated case but has inspired, consciously or unconsciously, a play or novel about a murderer. Crippen, Jack the Ripper, Madeleine Smith, Bathub Smith, Landru, Seddon, Constance Kent, Rouse, Patrick Mahon, Leopold and Loeb, Thompson and Bywaters: imaginary projections from all of these, and from other killers, have slain between book-covers, and in some instances

have also strutted the theatre's boards. The characters and methods of murderers, after all, fall mostly into types; so that anybody who sets out to invent a convincing killer is likely to echo somebody whose killing has been splashed across the newspapers. Mr. Gordon Sherry's *Black Limelight*, one of the latest examples of thriller-cum-criminological-drama, rings a whole chime of such echoes.

A young woman, who was to have become an unmarried mother, has been found strangled in the bungalow where she shared week-ends with a salesman of refrigerators (the warmth of whose nature was in evident contrast with his wares). That much recalls Crumbles and friend Mahon. But a remarkably indiscreet (or at any rate confiding) Superintendent informs the wanted man's wife that her husband is also the probable killer of three young women found murdered, by similar methods, in those parts of the country which he has visited as a commercial traveller. That much suggests friend Rouse. And the wife is able in the end to demonstrate that actually the girl in the bungalow, and the three girls elsewhere, were done to death by a Monster who is something between a Jack the Strangler and The Man with the Glaring Eyes.

Meanwhile, *Black Limelight* brings to the stage of the St. James's Theatre a suburban home as it might well be when the householder is wanted for a murder rooted in sex while his wife is subject to battery by anonymous letter and siege by Scotland Yard, Press cameras and emissaries from the Sunday papers. Margaret Rawlings is convincing enough as the pale, wan brunette, bravely coping with detectives and other invaders of privacy: a wife primed with purpose while clinging to belief in the innocence of a husband who has sent neither word nor money since a week-end he planned to spend in other arms. There is alert detail,



## Murder in the Shadows



but no touch of the theatrical, in her contact with the husband when, after a month on the run, he suddenly appears in beard and dirty Burberry. In face of his probable arrest, she is urgent in wanting to understand just what happened when he met his mistress at the bungalow; and she gives a persuasive tang to the conversation whereby a husband who wandered explains to a wife who doesn't condemn. In relation to reasons why men and women do wander from contentment, she even manages, when he is asleep, to draw dramatic value from a soliloquy of which the sentiments are trite and the language pedestrian.

Thus far it is the actress who dominates and makes acceptable a hardly distinguished play. But when Miss Rawlings proceeds to double her rôle in the anxious present with that of the dead girl in the violent past—

when, that is to say, husband and wife are blacked out during the latter's narrative, in order that she may also play the young woman in the fatal bungalow—there is a sad fall from not only grace but also persuasion. In the first place, the doubling of rôles is prepared by a surmise that the husband was attracted to his unmarried Lily because she resembled his married Mary when younger. Yet the late Lily, in the flamboyant flesh, appears to be Mary's contemporary at the least. Then, Miss Rawlings gives to the light o' love in the bungalow speech so over-Cockneyfied, manner so coy, and gesture so archly "frank" that conviction goes by the board. This has special reference to the poignancy that ought to, but does not, derive from the girl's talk of the child she must soon bear and her willingness to bear it. And since a big gale howls from the sea outside (causing the lover to enter wrapped up in his Burberry) it is all very odd that the young woman should thus parade in only the skimpiest of bathing suits, and (remembering her condition) that she should boast of the bathe she has just enjoyed. In this peculiar array, Miss Rawlings flaunts limbs and whatnot with a technique that recalls the fibbertigibbet she

exhibited in the farce *The Greeks Had a Word for It*; and, indeed, part of this fade-out episode might serve, in circumstances other than the known imminence of tragedy, for burlesque if not for farce.

It is, then, a satisfaction to be back in the suburban home with Miss Rawling's Mary, after her Lily has been juicily throttled in the seaside bungalow by one of those forms that move dimly in the dark. By now she has let us into the secret of whom she has guessed the killer to be; if indeed we have not guessed already that something queer must hover around a defending solicitor who seems bent on establishing his client's guilt, and who looks at life through spectacles so sinister. The mechanics of thrilling take precedence over "psychology" in an expectant last Act, despite business with an encyclopædia to discover just what is nictolopia, the condition of the eyes whereby they see clearly in the dark but cannot face the light unshielded. Here comes the nictolopian, able to break through a cordon of police because the darkness is

his medium; outside is the full moon, which relates to his madness; here is the slim throat of Margaret Rawlings, ready to be endangered if the danger can bring proof of guilt and innocence; and there is the curtain, wide enough to hide the burliest of Superintendents if only he can be got there in time to see and hear.

Miss Rawlings rounds off, with tension well balanced between fear and fortitude, a performance which, while by no means a *tour de force*, is austere, impressive and always

intelligent except for that lapse into over-acting in a sea-suit. Lawrence Anderson does an interesting study in abnormality. John Robinson's rendering of the harried husband rings the bell of seeming truth. Able work is done by George Merritt as bluff detective, Ethel Coleridge as sympathetic servant, and Bernard Merefield as reporter with the job of buying up journalistic garbage.



CRIME REPORTERS DON'T CARE: BERNARD MEREFIELD  
ETHEL COLERIDGE





YVONNE HÉBERT, A SPECIALIST IN THEATRICAL CRIME

Yvonne Hébert is young, blonde and very tragic because she has been hung, drawn and quartered so frequently in crime dramas at the Capucines, which rather specialises in gore. However, she seems to have survived fairly well

**T**RÈS CHER.—One can usually tell a man's age by the fashion of his collars and the shape of his shoes, while a woman gives herself away by her hats and mode of hair-dressing; but both sexes share the age-revealing weakness of speaking regretfully of the past and praising "yesterday" to the detriment of "to-day." It is not, however, in the endeavour to camouflage the date of my birth (June 1885, and I don't care who knows it!) that I write rapturously about the last Act—which takes place in 1937—of *Les Trois Valses*, and that I declare it to be the most successful of the three Acts of a delightful musical play that has just been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens theatre; but it is because I honestly think that it shows us an Yvonne Printemps at her very best as actress as well as singer.

In *Les Trois Valses* we have the same story thrice told. In 1867 the young and lovely ballerina, Fanny Grandpré (Yvonne Printemps), is loved by the dashing Lieutenant Octave de Chalency (Pierre Fresnay), of the 2me Hussards, and she returns his love with Murgeresque passion. Alas! The Chalency Family (with a capital "F") intervenes, with all the indignation that *le beau monde* of that period felt for the ladies of *la vie de Bohème*! What the reprimands of angry uncles and great-uncles cannot achieve, the gentle hint, given by the white-haired great-aunt to Fanny, that Chalency will have to send in his papers if he marries a dancer, accomplishes. Rather than harm her beloved Octave, Fanny signs a contract to appear at Covent Garden and vanishes from his life. Apparently the Channel was an unpassable obstacle in those days.

In 1900 (Act II.), Yvette Grandpré, the scintillating *vedette* of the Apollo music-hall, is Fanny's daughter. We assist



FANNY AND A MUSTANG AT THE BAL TABARIN

With the exception of the luckless Mr. Mazeppa, Mlle. Fanny seems to be the only artiste fond of horseback exercise without the customary habiliments for equestrian. She is said to be an enormous success in the Exposition show at the Bal Tabarin

## Priscilla in Paris

at her triumphant performance in a new revue, seen from the wings of the Apollo. An elderly admirer introduces Philippe de Chalency, and the two young people, who begin by quarrelling about the way their respective papa and mamma "treated each other" in 1867, end by falling in love just as madly as their parents did before them. All seems set for a happy union for this generation, but again the lovers are parted . . . otherwise what on earth would we do for the last Act and the third waltz?

Act III.—1937! The studio of a French film company. Irène Grandpré is a platinum blonde, black-garbed, silver-fox-furred, slinky-figured vamp who is about to play in a film version of her grandmother's famous Love Affair. Enter Chalency, who no longer "wears" his title; he is just plain Gerald Chalency, an insurance agent; but, boasting that he "knows what historical films are," he wisely forbids the directors of the film company to use his grandpapa's name in the production. When he arrives at the studio he finds merry hell! The leading lad has walked out of the show. But Gerald is a most personable youth, and the producer has a brain-wave. Why shouldn't Gerald play the part? Oh, boy, what an "ad"! Gerald prepares to do a spot of hell-raising on his own when Irène strolls on to the lot, and just as Octave succumbed to Fanny

and Philippe to Yvette, so does Gerald "fall" for Irène. With the difference, however, that there is less social distance between a film star and a penniless aristocrat in 1937 than there was between a dancer and a lieutenant of the Emperor's 2nd Hussars in 1867 . . . and, anyway, the curtain must fall on a happy ending. This time Yvonne and Pierre—or, rather, Irène and Gerald—are allowed to make a match of it, and, we are sure, live happy ever after. Yvonne Printemps was exquisite throughout the evening, singing and acting as she alone can sing and act—and looking divine. In the first Act she wears the white gauze "tutu" of a dancer and, to our delighted amazement, performs a *pas seul* on her toes. Later she wore a white crinoline on which fluttered masses of multi-coloured organdie flowers that made one positively thrill with pleasure. Pierre Fresnay was rather better-looking in the handsome Hussard uniform than in the costume in which you saw him play Noah; the part itself was not quite worthy of him, but then, one can't always have it both ways. In *Margot* it was Fresnay who had the more suitable rôle; in this operetta it is Yvonne who scores. And one compensates for t'other à *tour de rôle*. Besides, they were delightful to watch: so young, so

happy, so well matched. Therefore let us be sentimental and forget everything else. Fresnay is not the first musical-comedy hero who cannot sing; he speaks his songs with the art that Joe Coyne showed as a voiceless Prince Danilo of *Merry Widow* fame. In the "1900" Act there is an incident that delighted everybody, and especially the English spectators. All is set for Yvonne-Yvette's flight from the theatre, and everybody is gnashing teeth except her understudy. The news comes that the Prince of Wales is "in front." Therefore the performance must be as perfect as possible, and Yvette remains to play her part . . . and thus loses her lover! Need I say that you must see this show when next you are over?

PRISCILLA.





IN "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE": LYN HARDING AS HENRY VIII.  
AND LA PETITE BELLINI AS HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH

## TWO NOTABLE FOREIGN FILMS



IN "BOCCACCIO": WILLY FRITSCH AND HELI FINKENZELLER



SACHA GUITRY AS FRANÇOIS I. AND BARBARA SHAW AS ANNE  
BOLEYN IN "LES PERLES DE LA COURONNE"

RIGHT: Mlle. ARLETTY AS THE QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA

Continental screen activities are always interesting to the perspicacious picture-goer, who will find the shape of things to come from abroad in these stills. In "Les Perles de la Couronne," English history is seen through French eyes, King Henry VIII's not so private life being the main theme. Lyn Harding plays the King, la petite Bellini is young Princess Elizabeth—some forty-five years before there was fire over England—Barbara Shaw plays her unwise and unlucky mother, Anne Boleyn, Mlle. Arletty is the Queen of Abyssinia, and the big and brilliant star is Sacha Guitry, as King François I. This picture has been timed to appear in London and big Continental cities during our Coronation festivities. Few details are available to date concerning the new German film, "Boccaccio," though the life story of the "Decameron's" author should certainly provide any director with a screen-full. Continentally famous Willy Fritsch plays Petruccio, and Heli Finkenzeller is his wife, Francesca



FITA BENKHOFF AS BIANCA IN "BOCCACCIO"





## AT THE NAAS



MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON-HOUSTON  
AND MISS JOAN BUTLER



LORD AND LADY MILTON AND (CENTRE)  
MRS. PAGE-CROFT

## STEEPLECHASES



LADY ELVEDEN AND THE HON.  
JOHN FOX-STRANGWAYS



SIR ANTHONY AND LADY  
DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE



MRS. DOMINIC MORE-O'FERRALL, LORD AND LADY CHARLES  
CAVENDISH AND MISS HEATHER NUGENT



MISS BARBARA JAMESON  
AND LORD ELVEDEN

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

All Kildare and people from a good many other places as well were at Naas for the recent jumping meeting, and in spite of its being what the "natives" call "mortal cold," they all seem to have enjoyed themselves. The principal *plat* in the menu was the Champion 'Chase which was won by Carnalea, owned by Mr. J. M. McKee. Mrs. Page-Croft, who is seen with Lord and Lady Milton, the former Miss Olive Plunket, had one in the race, but not the money. Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston is with her future sister-in-law, as her engagement to Mr. T. P. Butler, Grenadier Guards, has just been announced. Lady Elveden, who is with Lord Ilchester's younger son, is the former Lady Elizabeth Hare, and married the only son of the house of Iveagh last year. Miss Barbara Jameson is a very attractive owner on the Irish turf. Her father, Lt.-Col. John Bland Jameson, who was an Army doctor, is well known up on that troublesome North-West Frontier of India. Miss Nugent, who is in the group with Mrs. Dominic More-O'Ferrall, and those popular people, Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish, is engaged to Sir John Prichard-Jones, who is a stepson of Lord Louth. Sir John and Lady Doughty-Tichborne came over from England by air





## *Daisy, Daisy*

(To the tune of "Daisy, Daisy")

Daisy, Daisy, give me a sandwich, do!  
 Don't be lazy, give me my Guinness, too  
 For lunch isn't lunch without it,  
 So hurry up about it!  
 It's nice to drink  
 And it's nice to think

**That a Guinness is good for you!**





## PIG-STICKING IN INDIA WITH

By LIONEL E.

During the period when Lake was operating against Delhi and the Doab and mopping-up Scindia's French mercenaries, his troops were so lucky as to find themselves in excellent pig-sticking country, and in this picture by Mr. Lionel Edwards, composed from any available information, we see officers of various arms of Lake's force taking it on with the kind of spear nowadays known as the "Bengal" one. The long spear did not come in till later. The picture is one of the many illustrations in *Sport in War*, by Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. (published by W. Collins Sons & Co. Ltd., of Pall Mall), and gives us a good idea of what our hardy forefathers had to endure when they went battle fighting in the places where the sun is strong enough to strike you down dead.





## THE LORD LAKE'S ARMY IN 1803

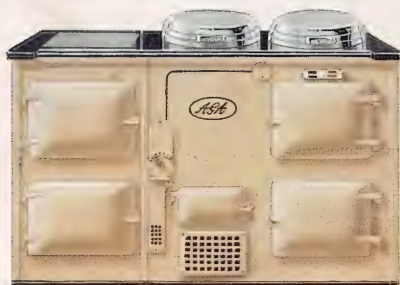
EDWARDS, R.I.

They had no sola topcees, no tropical kit, and went to war in the same clothes as they wore in England or in Flanders, as the case might be. Major John Prester, Brigade Major of one of Lord Lake's brigades, was one of the leading enthusiasts at this time, when pig-sticking was so conveniently combined with war, and it is related by Captain Dawson in his book that one of the best hunts Prester had was after a pig that had charged one of the bullock teams used in those times to pull some of the guns. Major Prester, the Prester John of one of Lord Tweedsmuir's books, *Prester John* (1910), got his best horse badly cut in this hunt, and though the surgeon attached to the 14th Light Dragoons (now 14th Hussars) patched him up he was said never to have been much use afterwards.





This painting by JAN DAVIDSZ de HEEM (1606-1684) is typical of the difference between his work and that of his father and brother, David and Cornelius, who also lived at Antwerp and devoted themselves to the painting of still-life. Their groups were most often made up simply of grapes, flowers and butterflies; but Jan, in selecting more solid models such as meats and shell-fish, gave his pictures a robustness usually lacking in 17th century Dutch paintings of this genre. This still-life group, which is a fine example of his work at its best, is reproduced, by permission, from the painting in the Wallace Collection.



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FRUITS in season and *frutta di mare*, lemons and lobsters and gammon and grapes . . . these still-life stand-bys seldom fail to charm the eye when set up as a picture, but would soon pall on the palate if served up equally often as a meal. One day, perhaps, some Realist of the Kitchen, some self-appointed Culinary Portraitist, will forsake "cold-buffet" subjects and turn to actual dinners for his inspiration. A *bortsch's* variegated indian red and umber, the golden glory of an omelette, the rich warm russet of roast game . . . what a picture they would make! But where would our artist find his models? May we suggest—in any one of twenty thousand kitchens with an Aga? There he would be sure to paint each dish in full perfection, proudly prepared to order by a beaming cook. There he would be shown this cooker's mastery of food and miserliness of fuel; its constant readiness for work without re-lighting; its gift of meeting chefs three-quarters of the way. With Aga as consort, cooks welcome visitors to the realms in which they rule the roast.

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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY: 1937



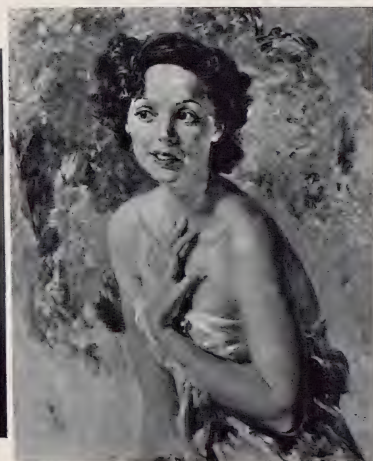
"FESTIVAL DRESS": BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.



"A GAME OF PATIENCE": BY MEREDITH FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

MERLE OBERON:  
BY GERALD BROCKHURST, A.R.A.

"THE BAG": BY GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



JESSIE MATTHEWS: BY G. T. C. DUGDALE, R.A.

This small collection of some of the leading lights in the pictures in this year's Academy may claim to be fairly representative. It is, of course, the fashionable thing to assert that the Academy gets worse and worse every year, but these few samples, it is suggested, make that verdict look somewhat unjust. Mr. Russell Flint's "Festival Dress" is a good specimen of that talented artist's work, and Mr. George Belcher's lady is not one whit less interesting than was his cornet-playing gentleman in last year's exhibition. She is an attractive and familiar figure to many of us. Mr. David Jagger's graceful nude is certain to find the high commendation it deserves. The two portraits of the famous young actresses are bound to please many other people besides the charming originals, especially Mr. Dugdale's of Jessie Matthews. Patience is a somewhat "still-life" game and so Mr. Frampton's adjuncts are probably in keeping

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MODEL RESTING: BY DAVID JAGGER





Ahery

#### THE HAWKSTONE OTTERHOOUNDS OPEN THEIR SEASON

Sir Robert Green Price with the Joint-Master, Mr. "Pip" Stanier—his partner being Lord Coventry—and Sir Henry Ripley at Leintwardine, where the opening tryst was held. Mr. Stanier, who joined Lord Coventry last season, is a brother of Sir Alexander Stanier, Welsh Guards

THE colt we have all got to back for the Derby is Printer. This is so because, after he-downed a lot of Derby colts at the Epsom



AT THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: GEN. SIR KENNETH WIGRAM AND MISS ELSPETH KAYE  
General Sir Kenneth Wigram retired from the Indian Army in 1936, after a very distinguished career. His elder brother, Lord Wigram, is Lord in Waiting on His Majesty and was Private Secretary to King George V. Miss Kaye is Sir Kenneth's niece

## Pictures in the Fire

Spring Meeting, an eminent tipster wrote—

"I am not for one moment stating that he will win the Derby, but after yesterday's running he cannot be left entirely out of that race when the runners for it are being considered."

The only bother is that Printer is not engaged in the Derby. This is, I suppose, what we might call a printer's error. Anyhow, it is all very well-meant and thank you kindly!

In the foreword by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, on the invitation to the dinner in connection with the National Association of Boys' Clubs, which was held at the Guildhall on May 4, at which the hosts were the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, the following passage occurred: "I hope that . . . there will be gathered round me a company of men and women determined to see that means are found for carrying on our work for

the boys of our country. We can build no surer foundation for the future than the fulness of youth, and this is the object and in no small measure the achievement of the National Association of Boys' Clubs." H.R.H. is the President. The dinner was held last night, and I believe and hope that the desire of the Duke of Gloucester was in no small measure advanced.

I have found that so many people have got it into their heads that any movement such as this, which is designed to improve the physical and mental fitness of the nation, has only one real object behind it, the manufacture of cannon-fodder for the next war, which may not be as inevitable as is supposed, though, goodness knows, things are edgy enough in all conscience. No greater misconception could possibly exist. Is it militaristic to make people's lives happier and healthier? Is it better to build up than to cast down? Is it better to decrease the prison population than increase it? And if war should come; is it better to have a lot of people who would be laid out cold in the first round of a very ugly scrap, or people who could be relied upon to put the other chap down so good and hard that he would stop down for the full count? It is all wrong to suppose that things like the National Association of Boys' Clubs are run with the same idea as that in the minds of the artists who produce those livery Strassbourg geese which provide the world with that extraordinarily attractive food, *pâté de foie gras*. These Clubs, as some of us know of our personal knowledge, are doing a man's job of work for



Shuart

#### THE SKIPPER AND HON. SECRETARY, THE CAMBRIDGE XI.

Mr. Mark Tindall (Harrow and St. Catherine's), the Cambridge captain, played brilliantly against the South Africans a year ago. Mr. Norman Yardley, the Honorary Secretary C.U.C.C. this season, is the only triple Blue up at Cambridge at the moment (cricket, hockey and squash)



#### HARLEQUINADE? THE RUGBY PLAYERS' CABARET TROUPE

The Harlequins Rugby Football Club held their ball at the Dorchester recently, and this notable cabaret troupe (which includes K. S. Chapman, the Harlequins' captain) were the soul of decorum as the Harlequins of 1880. In this well-posed family group are J. H. Gould, H. C. C. Laird, T. H. Tilling, K. S. Robinson, R. E. Prescott and K. S. Chapman



## By "SABRETACHE"



Stuart

MR. A. P. SINGLETON, OXFORD'S  
CRICKET CAPTAIN

Oxford's 1937 skipper went up from Shrewsbury to Brasenose and is one of Oxford's first-line attack. He has bowled for Lancashire and is known to his intimates as Sandy. Let us hope that things are now going to dry up sufficiently to make serious practice possible

this rising generation, and no one could find a better outlet for any spare cash he may have, from a three-penny-bit to a monkey—and upwards—than this really fine movement. This dinner has helped, but there is still plenty of room in the bank for more. It is a national thing we cannot let down.

"The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty approve better braces for the Navy. Item 214 of their Review of Service Conditions for 1936, published under Admiralty Fleet Orders, reads: 'Requests for better quality braces.' The decision announced is that 'a new type of braces will be introduced in due course.'"

It is to be feared that their Lordships can hardly realise the grief which this announcement has caused in the minds of laymen, usually referred to as "somethinged" long-shoremen, "soldiers," lubbers, and so forth. Nothing more iconoclastic has ever been sprung upon us. Why, we always believed that the Navy never knew what braces were, and that one of its proudest boasts was that it kept its trousers up with a hitch. The movement, carried out by numbers, is one of the figures of "The Sailor's Hornpipe," and now to be told that they are going to have "better braces"—can their Lordships wonder at the sensation which Item 214 has caused?



Aberly

## ANOTHER HAWKSTONE OTTERHOUNDS PICTURE

The Joint-Master, Mr. "Pip" Stanier, is beaten a short head by one of the bitch pack, who is very well named Eager Cel. It was at the opening meet at Leintwardine the other day that the picture was taken. This pack is an ancient foundation and was started by the late Sir Rowland Hill

The next thing we shall hear is that they are going to make Highlanders wear braces to keep their kilts up. With no desire to be an alarmist, I think if this ever happened Culloden and Bannockburn would have to be fought all over again.

A charge of witchcraft was recently laid against an ex-daughter-in-law by her mother-in-law (now once removed) in Bechuana-land, and in Victorian circles horror is being expressed. I cannot think why. Witchcraft still persists, and the liability of mothers-in-law to unpleasant ends is also a well-established fact. The agent in this particular case was a poisoned root, possibly datura, which, as I gather from my researches, is even pleasanter than the hemlock by which the late Professor Socrates died. It produces something akin to a super-"blind," which is what laughing-gas will do if you take enough of it.

Why people should have scoffed at the witchcraft count in this indictment I do not know. Surely it must be obvious to even the meanest intelligence that this thing is persisting and will never die out. I refer all you descendants of ancient top-sawyers to

(Continued on page xvi)



Balmain

## SCOTTISH ARTISTS GOLFING AT KILSPINDIE

On "Press Day," before the opening of the Royal Scottish Academy, nerve-proof Scottish artists indulged in a day's golfing while the critics were reviewing their work. The names are: At back—Hamish Paterson, Kemlo Stephen, Dr. Hislop, T. Marin. Next row—Charles Oppenheimer, R.S.A., W. F. Forrester, F. Ferguson, R. H. Morton, R. M. Pringle, T. Aikman Swan, A.R.I.B.A. Seated—A. R. Sturrock, R.S.A., Adrian Moncrieff, W. D. Macniven, C. S. M. Swanson, F. Blanc. In front—R. H. Westwater and T. K. Bonnar

ALSO AT THE QUEEN'S HALL CONCERT:  
THE HON. HUGH AND MRS. WYNDHAM

The Hon. Hugh Wyndham and his wife were also at Queen's Hall for the Salzburg Festival Orchestra concert. Mr. Wyndham is Lord Leconfield's brother and heir-presumptive; their younger brother, Colonel the Hon. Humphrey Wyndham, commands the Life Guards. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham is a sister of Viscount Cobham





THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH  
WITH HER BROTHER AND NIECE

The occasion was a party given by Lady Plymouth at her house in Hyde Park Gardens in connection with the Spring Ball in aid of the Hedingham Rover Scouts Scheme. She is seen with the Hon. Guy Charteris, who is her brother, and Miss Mary Rose Charteris, his youngest daughter

SHE was a large and imposing woman, and not afraid of anything in this world. One night she heard a noise downstairs, and on going down she found a puny-looking man standing in the hall.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Oh—er—I felt tired and came in for a nap," he began, without much hope.

"Oh," said the hefty female, "so your game's nap, is it? Well, mine's poker," and she picked one up from the fireplace.

The master of the house detected a leakage in his whisky which he connected with his new housekeeper.

"My former housekeeper," he said to her one day, "was a most trustworthy woman. You see that bottle—?"

"I hope, sir," interrupted the woman, "you don't think I would stoop to touch it. I come from good, honest English parents, and—"

"I'm not saying anything about your English parentage," commented the master. "It's your Scotch extraction I'm complaining about."

A young mother was out with her small son one morning when she heard that a dog had been run over; so she hurried the child into a shop.

"Don't cry, darling!" she said, when she saw his eyes were full of tears. "I don't think the little dog is much hurt—only a little bruised, perhaps."

"I'm crying because you brought me in here," said the child reproachfully. "You know, I have never seen a dog run over!"

Mrs. Brown was reading her newspaper at breakfast.

"It says here that a man in Africa exchanged his wife for a horse," she said. "You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you, dear?"

"No," replied Mr. Brown, "but I hope for your sake that nobody tempts me with a good car."



ALSO AT LADY PLYMOUTH'S PARTY:  
LADY CARLISLE AND THE HON. MRS.  
BALFOUR

They were among the people who turned up at this party in support of the Hedingham scheme which does so much for the young unemployed. Lady Carlisle is Lord Ruthven's eldest daughter



YUGOSLAVIA'S PRINCESS HAS A BIRTHDAY:  
PRINCESS OLGA AND HER DAUGHTER

Princess Elizabeth is the daughter of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and of Princess Olga, who is the Duchess of Kent's sister. The baby celebrated her first birthday recently. Her parents are on the road to England to represent their country, of which Prince Paul is Regent, at the Coronation

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A kind-hearted old lady noticed a trampish-looking man gazing into an eating-house window. She found the sight touching, and wishing to give the man the price of a good dinner, without hurting his feelings, pretended she had picked up a coin from the pavement.

"Look what I've found!" she said, as she handed him a florin. "You can have it: it was nearest to you."

The man made a grab for the coin. "Thank you kindly," he said with a grin of delight. "It's just dropped out o' my pocket! Wait a minute! I'll give you a penny for yourself!"

An old negro servant was seen by his master cooking a fine turkey. The master had his suspicions as to how the turkey was obtained, and asked the negro how he got it. The servant explained that he had prayed for it, and the master had to accept that statement.

A few days later, however, he told the servant that he had put his method of getting a turkey to the test and it had failed. How did the servant explain that?

The old negro was ready with his reply. His master had not prayed the right way, evidently. For instance, if he (the servant) were to pray: "Lord, send Sambo a turkey," he got no turkey, but if he were to pray, "Lord, send Sambo to get a turkey," he got one every time!





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## THE CAMERA LOOKS ON AT LUDLOW 'CHASES



SIR JAMES CROFT AND MR. E. W. BAILEY, OWNER OF PUCKA BELLE



GERRY WILSON, MRS. G. OWEN AND FRED RIMELL, WHO RODE TWO WINNERS



MISS DE HOGHTON AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. DOUGHTY-WYLIE



SIR EDWARD HANMER, WINNING OWNER, AND LADY HANMER



MAJOR-GENERAL AND MRS. GERVASE THORPE AND THEIR SCHOOLBOY SON



SIR FRANCIS WINNINGTON AND MRS. R. P. DE S. CHURCHWARD

Thanks to the kind attentions of wind and sun, Ludlow's April 'chase meeting had good going, and on both days fields were sizeable. On the Wednesday, Sir Edward Hanmer's Solarium, an odds-on favourite, scored a popular win in the Ludlow Steeplechase, this being his fourth victory off the reel. Solarium, trained by T. R. Rimell, at Kinnersley, Worcestershire, was ridden by son Fred, whose two winning rides at the meeting brought his total of recent successes to 28. Fred Rimell and Mrs. G. Owen are seen with Gerry Wilson, the champion steeplechase jockey, who is still on the easy list after his bad fall at the postponed Cheltenham National Hunt Meeting. Sir James Croft, of Croft Castle, Herefordshire, had a word with Mr. E. W. Bailey, who was third in the Grand National on his lion-hearted little hunter mare, Pucka Belle. Mr. Bailey rode his Royal Gift in the Ludlow Hunters' (Amateur Riders) 'Chase, but fell. Mr. Brian Doughty-Wylie, Royal Welch Fusiliers, who recently became engaged to Sir James de Hoghton's granddaughter, is a kinsman of Lord Chelmsford; he changed his name from Thesiger to Doughty-Wylie by deed poll, four years ago. Major-General Gervase Thorpe is G.O.C., Welsh Area, Sir Francis Winnington owns Stanford Court, in Worcestershire, and Mrs. Churchward was Miss Claire Whitaker until 1935

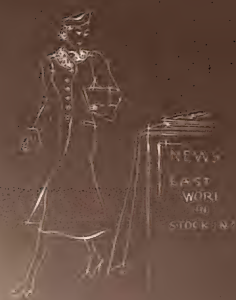
Photos.: Truman Howell



# Soignée . . .

Unfortunately our language  
provides no translation for this  
highest of praise. It means the  
result of scrupulous attention  
to detail, but stockings are infi-  
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make or mar the whole effect.

Bear Brand are right, always  
right, and 3/11 (or up the scale to  
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perfect finish all women desire.



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AT BOURNEMOUTH:  
R. A. SHAYER IN PLAY

R. A. Shayer, playing in the Bournemouth Hard Courts Championships, used a racket reminiscent of H. W. Austin. D. MacPhail defeated him by 6-4, 6-2, 13-11 in the first round.

"With the object of proving the suitability of the national game as a pastime for the fair sex in preference to lawn tennis and other less scientific games, the English Cricket and Athletic Association, Limited, have organised two complete elevens of female players under the title of 'The Original English Lady Cricketers.'"

There follows a detailed description of the ladies chosen for this signal sporting honour, and then, at the very end, there comes this delightful postscript—

"N.B.—Every effort is made to keep this organisation in every respect select and refined. A matron accompanies each eleven to all engagements."

Well, well! I wonder what would happen if the L.T.A. suddenly decided to appoint a matron to accompany each ladies' tennis tour abroad, or to be present in the changing-rooms and on the ground during all important national tournaments, such as Wimbledon and Bournemouth, which will be over before this appears in print. I have a shrewd suspicion that if the authorities did try to instil any such discipline, they would find themselves compelled to change matrons as often as most mistresses have to change cooks. In the words of the immortal Saki, to whose memory be praise: "She was a good cook as cooks go, and as good cooks go, she went."

And I doubt if any matron worthy of her starch would tolerate for long the airs and graces of our tennis young ladies to-day. Besides, she would also soon find herself up against a veritable phalanx of parents, whose increasing habit it is to stand conspicuously on the sideline during matches, and clap every point their own darling wins, net cords and all, and mutter audibly at every decision given by the umpire against her, doubtful or otherwise. And if the matron tried to clear the decks, so to speak, as she would clear the wards at the end of a visiting hour, she would probably find herself

## LAWN TENNIS :

By  
"RABBIT"

FOR various reasons which will become patent as my article progresses, I have decided this week to commence with a quotation from a charming booklet issued by the Mitcham Cricket Club. In it there is reference to "The Original English Lady Cricketers."

involved in fisticuffs in no uncertain suffragette manner. Indeed, Boadicea had nothing on the modern tennis mother, and, putting it in the politest possible terms, she and her cohorts of lesser relatives are fast becoming an insufferable nuisance. When they aren't actively barracking their children's opponents, they are nagging at their own offspring for losing an important match—going on so that you would imagine that the girl had committed a felony at least—or badgering the referee to change the hour, or the court, on which their beloved baby is to perform; or, worst of all, from my point of view, button-holing the gentlemen of the Press to tell us all over again at great detail how, if it hadn't been for their own patient efforts at playing bat and ball years ago, when their baby really was one, she wouldn't be winning championships, or behaving as though she did, to-day.

Well, well!—as I have already said once in this article. There really ought to be a special L.T.A. by-law to banish all mothers, sisters, aunts, and doting cousins from the grounds during the time their own progeny, or prodigies, as the case may be, are appearing on court. That may seem a hard ruling to those who haven't suffered from this particular form of parental selfishness, and therefore feel that it is only right and proper, if the apple of your eye is appearing in the final of a tournament, that you should muster the family forces to give her moral support; but, as I have already explained, the means used are usually such immoral ones. Many daughters have failed to win husbands owing to the over-zealous promptings and too-obvious manoeuvres of their parents, and many girls have failed to



Photos.: Stuart

### CHAMPIONS AT THE BRIGHTON TOURNAMENT

This group of Internationals playing in the Brighton Championship meeting includes Señorita Anita Lizana, who won the Ladies' Singles, and Jacques Brugnon, winner, with C. Boussus, of the Men's Doubles.

The names are: G. P. Hughes, the British Davis Cup player; Kho Sin Kie, Champion of China; Señorita Lizana, Champion of Chile; J. Brugnon, the French Davis Cup player; Mrs. Jackson, Chile; and A. E. Burden.

win the highest honours at the game because of the impediment of a family-following always hanging round their skirts. Which incidentally, puts off partners as well as opponents.

If only tennis parents would take their cue from Señorita Lizana's chaperon, who fulfilled her duties with the minimum of officiousness and the maximum of efficiency, so that it was a delightful pleasure to sit next to her in the stand when her protégée was on court.



THE BOURNEMOUTH CHAMPIONSHIPS:  
MISS F. S. FORD

Miss Ford was playing her match in the first round of the Ladies' Singles against Miss M. Riddell, whom she beat 6-2, 7-5.

(Continued on page xxii)



when enduring  
the  
unutterable boredom  
of waiting  
for  
a  
train . . .



have you ever noticed  
what  
a  
blessing  
a  
cigarette  
can  
be? . . .



it's such  
a delightfully unobtrusive  
and  
friendly companion  
that it's  
a tremendous help  
in  
whiling away  
the time

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



# "WIND"

By  
MAURICE BUCKLEY

He stumbled backwards and his foot caught in one of the wires running from the mat. He lurched—clutched at the gun for support. There was a loud roar, and Slater's face was an obscene mess

SLATER sat in his country cottage and listened to the wind sobbing through the gaunt, leaf-shedding trees. Fatalistically he watched the scurrying dead leaves as they swirled in inverted maelstroms up beyond the field of his vision to—he knew not where.

"The wind blows every day in this place, doctor," he said to the only man he allowed to visit him.

Dr. Sims laughed and placed a hand on his knee.

"The wind again, is it? If you'd been a country practitioner for thirty years you wouldn't mind the wind! It's the rain, man, that beats the soul out of you—"

"But the wind—it's like something with life. Yet it's—unhuman."

The doctor brushed some biscuit-crumbs from his trousers. "You shouldn't brood so much, Slater. You want to go about—mix with people. Forget all about that dreadful experience of yours."

Slater was standing by the window, holding a curtain, peering round the edge of it at the living wind. His deep-set eyes were haunted. "That's a thing I can't do," he said slowly, "because the—experience—has become part of me."

He half-turned and found himself gazing into the mirror on the wall. He saw a face that was like dried skin stretched

over a framework, taut up to the lips, which welled out in two fleshy rims. He licked his lips nervously and turned away. The face frightened him. It seemed—windswept.

The village doctor looked around for his hat, found it, and stuck it on the back of his head. "Now don't you worry, Slater," he soothed. "We must be patient. Those ten months in the Arctic did things to you—but you mustn't worry about it."

Slater looked at him thoughtfully. Of late, he had come to rely much upon this plump, self-satisfied little man whose idea of heaven was an unending parade of good dinners and no night calls.

"Then you are sure—?"

"Positive." Dr. Sims reached for the door-handle. "Just hallucinations. Oh, by the way, I suppose you saw in the papers that Bardell's wife died yesterday?"

"Yes." Slater stared at him like a child about to cry. "Yes, I saw that."

"Don't let it upset you, old man. Brave woman, that. Stuck it for three months after you brought home his dead body, poor soul."

The doctor cleared his throat self-consciously. "Will you be going to the funeral, Slater?"

"No. I won't be going."

The doctor pulled at his nose.

"No," he said, "no. Perhaps it's just as well. Br-r-r!

Now remember to take your tonic regularly—and don't get dying on me! 'Tisn't every country doctor who gets the privilege of attending a national hero these days! 'Bye. Be over in a couple of days."

The door slammed. Slater could hear the doctor's car backing out through the garden gate. There was a grinding of gears, a purring which grew fainter and fainter—then silence.

Except for the wind.

Slater struck a match and lit the oil-lamp. He dreaded the half-light. So many of those unforgettable Arctic months had been spent in the half-light.

Heavy, dark red curtains shut out the greyness and softened the moan of the wind. Slater lowered himself on

to the settee and tried to read a weekly magazine.

He threw it on to the floor and laughed. It would have to be that magazine—the one which had splashed the interview with him on his return from the North.

## HERO TELLS HIS OWN STORY

TEN-MILE STRUGGLE THROUGH BLIZZARD TO REACH DEAD COMRADE

Mr. Slater, sole survivor of a party of two who intended to spend a year in the Arctic taking meteorological observations, returned home last week. After penetrating farther North than any previous expedition of a similar nature, the two men spent ten months in tents, using a base camp for supplies. The whole world knows the story of the subsequent incidents. How Mr. Bardell was without covering or protection some miles from the tents taking observations when a terrible blizzard arose. How Mr. Slater at once harnessed a team of dogs and drove into the

(Continued on page 236)



# 1937



**CIRO WILL INEVITABLY ATTEND**

**THE YEAR'S COURTS . . .**

THE TATLER  
No. 1871, MAY 5, 1937

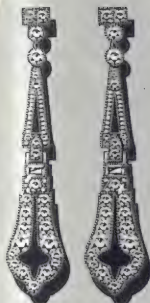
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Real Pearl £6-6-0  
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Cultured Real Pearl mounted  
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Real Diamonds and Cultured  
Real Pearl £10-10-0  
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Real Diamonds and Cultured  
Real Pearl £8-8-0  
Ciro Pearl & Diamonds £1-1-0

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LEEDS - 38 Briggate  
EDINBURGH at Jenners  
BRISTOL - at Taylors  
CARDIFF - at Howells  
DUBLIN - at Switzers



## "WIND"—(Continued from page 234)

teeth of the blizzard in a desperate attempt to reach Bardell before he succumbed. The fact that Bardell was already dead when he reached him does nothing to detract from this epic of heroism. Mr. Slater, badly battered himself, had to fight all the way to get back to the tents. He describes the blizzard as "hellish and murderous," and says that any man would have done as he did. We think not. Heroes are not so plentiful in these—or any other—days.

Slater closed his eyes. "Hellish and murderous"—the journalist had seized upon those words. He wished he could have taken that journalist back with him to show him just how hellish and murderous an Arctic blizzard could be. To show him how such a blizzard could sweep through a man's soul—the unspeakable things it could do to a man . . .

His hand wandered over his taut face. No use getting that way. The doctor was right as far as that went. Just—relax. He relaxed. His long limbs were loose upon the settee. His arms hung downwards and his head lolled sideways. He tried to doze.

But it was no use. He could not escape the experience. "RETURNED HERO FÉTED." Slater laughed down in his throat. What about "RETURNED HERO'S NERVES SHATTERED"?

That'd be a scoop for someone, only they'd never get the scoop because he'd keep them away. Keep them all away. Even that doctor, if he thought he would blab about it.

The lamp flickered and cast hovering shadows around the low-pitched room. Slater stared at the shadows. Just like in the tent. He saw himself again, cooped up in that suffocating tent. The wind roaring by outside at a hundred miles an hour.

The flickering lamp. The shadows. And the loneliness. The drear monotony of the daily ration. Bardell's grin. His keenness.

Slater had come home a hero. His meteorological record had delighted the experts and had astounded them with its industry and completeness. And so he was a hero twice. Once, with the people and the newspapers, and again with the experts who glorified his name and showered honours upon him. He moved restlessly upon the settee. If only those experts could quiet the wind! But they wouldn't know anything about that. They had his results. The wind had his soul.

At the sound of a ring on the front-door bell he leaped to his feet and stood trembling by the table. His deep-set eyes pierced the shadows around the door. There was cold perspiration upon him. "Who—who's that?" Surely not the voice of a hero—that cracked, uncertain voice?

"It's me, sir—grocery boy."

"God damn it, boy!" Slater was at the door mouthing furiously down at the astonished youngster. "Haven't I told you never to ring at my door? Didn't I tell you—and the rest of them—to leave my stuff in the porch?"

"Yes, sir." The boy gave him a timorous, admiring glance. "It's just that—would—would you give me an autograph, sir?" Slater glared at him. His fingers clenched. His eyes grew larger. "Get out!" he said softly and intently.

"Yes—yes, sir!" Like a frightened hare the boy was off down the path without waiting for his basket.

Slater laughed harshly. He'd have no callers—no visitors, except the doctor, who was necessary. That was why he had chosen this God-forsaken neck-of-the-woods—so that he

could be alone to fight the thing that grappled at him with unseen tentacles.

The doctor called it hallucination. But that didn't stop it from being there. It didn't explain those noises at night. It didn't soothe away the dreadful message of the wind.

"The wind!" exploded the doctor when he called two days later. "Man alive, you're still on about the wind?" He peered into Slater's sunken face. "H'm-m! Didn't realise you'd got it as bad as all that. Now, pull yourself together, or it'll be the death of you, this nonsense about the wind."

"It's at night when I'm in bed, listening to it roaring over the roof—"

"Just like the Arctic winds, eh?" jollied the doctor, taking his pulse.

"Yes," whispered Slater. "Just like that."

"Well, don't you worry. We'll have you fighting fit in no time. Got a drink handy?"

Slater waved a hand. "Go ahead—help yourself."

"Thanks." The doctor poured himself a tot. "Glad to see you keep away from it. Poison, Slater, that's what it is." He tossed back the drink and smacked his lips. "Been taking your tonic, I hope?"

Slater was not listening. He was sitting on the settee with his hands on his knees—trying—so hard—to remember all the things he wanted to ask the doctor. His brow was furrowed. His eyes had a beaten, tortured look.

"Doctor—noises in the night. Would a man imagine those?"

The doctor peered at him sagely over his spectacles.

"If he was in your state, he'd imagine anything. What kind of noises?"

"Bumping noises." Slater's hands moved vaguely. "No—not quite that. You see, there's a kind of a thud. Then a pause. Then another thud. As if—as if a man were dragging himself along wearily, foot after foot—"

"H'm-m." The doctor rubbed his chin, looking thoughtful. "Thuds, eh? How long is the pause between them?"

"It varies. Sometimes it's a long time—as if the man were gathering strength for the next weary step—"

The doctor said "Stuff and nonsense, man! If you're going to remain under my care you'll have to put those foolish imaginings out of your mind, or else it's hopeless. Be sensible about this, Slater," the doctor sat beside him and patted his arm. "Tell yourself that hardships and privation are responsible for these fantastic ideas. Believe that—and you'll help me a whole lot. Will you do that?"

Slater's lips quivered. "I want to believe that," he said.

"That's fine!" encouraged the doctor. "Will power—that's the solution." When he rose to go, Slater shot a despairing glance at him. "Yes, but those bumps. They're real, doctor! I swear it!"

The doctor polished his hat on his sleeve.

"You do, eh? Well, if it's anything at all it's probably some tramp—some villager, perhaps—who's found out you keep to your room at night. Missed anything—any money?"—"No."

The doctor whistled for a while under his breath. "Look here, Slater—tell you what we'll do. We'll rig up a burglar alarm. That'll prove to you it's someone human."

He took Slater's arm and accompanied him to the kitchen. "No marks on the window-sill," he muttered. "No scratches. Well, he's probably managed to get hold of a key to the front door. The place was empty for a long time before you took it, you know."

(Continued on page xviii)



EVELYN LAYE, GLORIA SWANSON, AND FRANK LAWTON AT THE SAVOY

Evelyn Laye and her husband, Frank Lawton, gave a party to celebrate the return of Gloria Swanson to this country after her longest absence, 3½ years. The star is to make a British film of a story by an English writer, so it is credibly related



BOBBY HOWES AND ELIZABETH ALLEN AT THE LAWTONS' PARTY

Bobby Howes is the moving spirit of "Big Business," at the Hippodrome. Elizabeth Allen is the well-known U.S. film star—she arrived in this country on a holiday trip recently. Evelyn Laye, the hostess of the party, is to play in the forthcoming musical play, "Paganini" opposite Richard Tauber

"You do, eh? Well, if it's anything at all it's probably some tramp—some villager, perhaps—who's found out you keep to your room at night. Missed anything—any money?"—"No."

The doctor whistled for a while under his breath. "Look here, Slater—tell you what we'll do. We'll rig up a burglar alarm. That'll prove to you it's someone human."

He took Slater's arm and accompanied him to the kitchen. "No marks on the window-sill," he muttered. "No scratches. Well, he's probably managed to get hold of a key to the front door. The place was empty for a long time before you took it, you know."



# Passenger List



A Liner's status is fairly indicated by her passenger list. When every voyage shows a record of distinguished names, and when these names appear again and again, there is surely reason to believe that here is the best Transatlantic service available. Planned to make the crossing equally pleasant to people of every taste, these twin Giants offer a standard of swift, punctual and delightful travel that has never been surpassed. Here at last is the luxury of modern Mayfair provided in full measure for the ocean traveller.

## BREMEN EUROPA

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**U.S.A. TO EUROPE VIA THE STRATOSPHERE: MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE CHAMBERLAIN**

Clarence Chamberlain flew the Atlantic ten years ago. He now proposes to make an attempt at a crossing at an altitude between 35,000 and 40,000 feet. He believes that the crossing can be made in from 12 to 15 hours. Mrs. Chamberlain will accompany him

#### Garden Party.

**W**E approach one of the really interesting air events of the year, the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party at Mr. C. R. Fairey's aerodrome on the Great West Road, on Sunday, May 9th. This year the party will provide an aeronautical anthology, a collection of most of the finest specimens of aircraft design in this country. There will be fighters and bombers, light aeroplanes and ultra-light aeroplanes, gliders and commercial machines. Three thousand guests are expected, and if the energetic and amiable gate-crasher is as much in evidence as he was last year, there ought to be about four thousand people there. Mr. H. E. Wimperis, the President of the Society, will preside. Many of the aeroplanes will be demonstrated in flight, and I hope we shall see that master of high-speed aerobatics, Flight-Lieutenant C. S. Staniland, in one of the new Fairey machines.

You will notice that I say "high-speed" aerobatics. For as time goes on, and aeroplanes get faster, we see less and less of what might be called "quick" aerobatics, as opposed to high-speed ones, and I am beginning to wonder whether the increase in speed and the diminution in quickness have not reduced the spectacular value. It is almost impossible to refer to the *haute école* of aerobatics without mentioning that supreme artist, Captain Armstrong, of the Royal Flying Corps. His method was the quick, as opposed to the high-speed, one. His aeroplane, a Camel, was very slow by modern standards in translational speed; but it was enormously quick on the controls; quicker than most modern machines. And it was by the quickness of its movements, which resembled in their precision and their rhythmic qualities the movements of a ballet dancer, that the Camel, when Armstrong was giving one of his celebrated shows, appealed to the eye. I should like to see Staniland work up a programme of aerobatics with a specially designed aeroplane with a top speed

## AIR EDDIES: By OLIVER STEWART

of perhaps only 200 kilometres an hour, but with powerful and quick controls. The results would be instructive. But, even lacking such an aeroplane, I shall look forward to the displays of aerobatics on Sunday next.

#### Speed Limits.

**A**bout a fortnight before the Aeronautical Society's Garden Party, Mr. Wimperis delivered his Presidential address on "The Natural Limits to Human Flight," and it was one of the most entertaining papers I have heard for a long time. Mr. Wimperis accepted the risks which attend the aeronautical prophet and told us what is in his view the natural speed limit beyond which our aircraft will never be able to go. It is 966 kilometres an hour, or 600 miles an hour. This is some 240 kilometres an hour less than the speed of sound at normal sea-level pressure and temperature. Already the world's speed record stands at 709 kilometres an hour, the speed obtained by Agello in the Macchi-Castoldi seaplane in October 1934, so it seems that we have not much farther to go. Mr.

Wimperis does not predict the limits of climb or of range; but he suggests that 18,593 metres is attainable with present materials, and that a range of 20,000 kilometres non-stop will be attainable.

Altogether, I found this a stimulating paper; the kind that should provoke discussion not only at the Society's meeting, but also afterwards, wherever the aviation world assembles. Incidentally, I noticed that Mr. Wimperis used his threatened "airplane" throughout the paper. How I loathe that word! And he has not even the excuse of being rational; for he uses the totally irrational British measures instead of metric ones, an unusual habit in a scientist. However, I forgive him these discrepancies, and even the word "airplane" on account of the brilliantly fascinating qualities of this address.

(Continued on page ii)



**ARRIVING AT NEW-MARKET: SIR ERIC OHLSON, HIS NIECE AND CAPTAIN BIRKETT**

Sir Eric Ohlson is Consul for Roumania at Hull. He made the trip to New-market recently by air with Captain Birkett, the well-known pilot, in charge of the machine



**DIPLOMATIC JOURNEYS BY AIR: MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY EDEN AT BRUSSELS**

On his recent visit to Belgium to reassure the Government of that country as to its release from its Locarno commitments and of the continued guarantee of Belgian neutrality by Britain, Mr. Eden travelled by air, a medium which he frequently employs. He and Mrs. Eden are seen on their arrival at Brussels





Geoffrey Morris Photograph

# MATITA

*visits*  
*St Paul*

... lingering by the way, in bowers where blossoming is early. She wears a choice from the MATITA Summer Collection—an uncrushable novelty fabric dress in ivory, under a "boxy" coat of purest linen, having a most interesting check. Man-tailored of course.

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NEW YORK





AT THE CURRAGE

This meeting was on the flat and in the picture are Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, who has just been appointed a Steward of the Irish Turf Club, Mr. Isidore Blake, who is a well-known member of the I.T.C. and brother of the trainer, Colonel Arthur Blake, and Mrs. Shirley, wife of the Joint-Master of the Meath, Major Evelyn, Shirley

## Road Race Rage.

**M**ETROPOLITAN Man is at last getting a taste of the pleasures of road racing, a sport with which Continental Man has been familiar since the beginning of motoring. True, we in England are not allowed to see the real thing; that would never do. But, as in strip-tease, we are permitted to see a special anglicised version, in tights. Road-racing in the nude, on the public roads, would send all the desiccated dames and pasteurised politicians into fits of prohibitionist fury and over here, unlike the people of more enlightened countries, we make the mistake of listening to and obeying these withered nornies. So we have road-racing in tights—very proper—the tights being the private grounds of Brooklands, Donington, and the Crystal Palace. And I must say this that, although the bowlerised version, like all bowlerised versions, is not so exhilarating as the real thing, it is better than nothing. Indeed, I think we are going to have some genuine entertainment as well as a good deal of technical interest out of these road courses.

The Brooklands circuit, in particular, is excellent, and the opening meeting of the Crystal Palace circuit, with its immense crowd—some said 30,000, some said 70,000—proved that Metropolitan Man wants the sport. Raymond Mays and Pat Fairfield, with A. C. Dobson heroically intervening, were the stars of the Crystal Palace opening. And the first half-dozen laps of the final of the Coronation Trophy event were as exciting as anything I have seen. The small margin which enabled Mays and Fairfield finally to get by Dobson was just about the margin of Dr. Porsche's independent front-wheel mounting as fitted

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

to their two E.R.A.s but not fitted to Dobson's. But I think the crowd reserved its biggest cheer for the policeman who solemnly rode round the circuit on the carrier of one of the official motor-cycles. I predict a big and useful future for the Crystal Palace Circuit, and I congratulate H. N. Edwards upon a fine piece of work in creating it.

## Daimlering.

**O**nce, not long ago, I referred to "Daimlering" as one of the smoothest and quietest known modes of progression. That was when I was trying the smaller "straight-eight," which gave me a remarkably elevated top speed over the quarter-mile at Brooklands and generally proved a delightfully lively car. But to experience Daimlering in its most advanced form one must try one of the Daimler 4½-litre "straight-eight" limousines. Two of the 4½-litre Daimlers have recently been ordered by the King for State purposes. At the suggestion of the Company I was handed one of these cars for trial with a chauffeur in attendance, and so I was able to taste the pleasures of comfortable back-seat travel. In all, I covered something approaching 200 miles in the day, besides getting through my usual work, without a trace of travelling fatigue.

On first taking over the car I drove it for a few miles to satisfy myself as to its handling qualities. The controls are the standard Daimler type, with self-changing transmission and fluid fly-wheel. The driving position is comfortable and not in the least cramped as it occasionally is in partition-type limousines. The brakes are servo assisted, and there is a tell-tale light on the dash which lights up if the servo fails, thus warning the driver that more force will be needed on the brake-pedal. On the driver's side there are both interior and

(Continued on page 242)



Photos: Poole, Dublin

## ALSO AT THE CURRAGE

Mrs. P. J. Rutledge, whose husband was interested in Curly Top, who won the Juvenile Stakes, Mr. Rutledge being the Minister for Justice; Mrs. Sean McEntee, whose husband is the I.F.S. Minister for Finance; and Captain Arthur Boyd-Rochfort, V.C., the well-known breeder of blood-stock, who is a brother of the renowned Newmarket trainer



Bassano

## MISS EDITH LAMBERT, A CORONATION DÉBUTANTE

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Lambart gave a coming-out dance for her daughter on May 4th. The Hon. Lionel Lambart is Lord Cavan's brother and heir-presumptive, and retired as a Captain in the Navy. The above pretty picture was taken at his house, Marsh Court, Sherborne, Dorset



# This England . . .



*Monckton-Wylde, on the Dorset-Devon border*

THE feeling of continuity in this England is even more apparent to strangers than to ourselves. Did the Civil War rage in the West? (Charles once lay hid at Monckton-Wylde)—was Monmouth's rebellion founded there? Did William of Orange pass this way to his throne? To us these lovely sleepy corners are places "where nothing ever happens." But we so carry our history and traditions with us—in places and habits—that the stranger feels them all about him. One habit he soon delights in—the drinking of good English beer such as Worthington brew. As traditional, this ale, as Dorset's Blue Vinney or Devon's squab pie.





## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 240

exterior windscreen wiper blades. The engine is of 4,624 c.c. capacity and is rated at 31.7 h.p. and taxed at £24. Ignition is by coil with automatic advance and retard supplemented by hand control. Suspension is by semi-elliptic springs and hydraulic shock absorbers with hand riding control. The car is very completely fitted in both fore and aft compartments. Three people can sit in the back seat without being squashed, and there is a folding arm-rest. Two occasional seats are provided and a table, all of them folding. Main windows and quarter lights in this body are windable; but I do not want to direct too much attention to the coachwork on this occasion, but rather to the fine qualities of the chassis as a limousine foundation.

### Fluidity

Modern motor cars in the high-grade class are now built to such elevated standards that it is exceedingly difficult to point out special passenger qualities, things which make the passenger more comfortable and which give him a greater sense of luxury. But I think that the Daimler does positively gain by its fluid flywheel. It is very easy, however clever the chauffeur, for the sense of continuous motion to be interrupted with the ordinary gear box and clutch. There is that slight check and advance which make the car occupants conscious of the mechanism.

With the Daimler transmission there need be no observable check right up through the gear-ratios, and vigorous acceleration may be employed with the back-seat passengers being waited forward with perfect evenness. Starting on the steepest hills is shorn of all shock.

Years ago I confess that the fluid flywheel, self-changing transmission gave me a slight impression of wastefulness. I felt that the drive was being smoothed out at the expense of liveliness and that power was being sacrificed. It was possible even then to argue that the sacrifice was worth while for the chauffeur-driven type of car; but as a matter of fact I now doubt if there is any sacrifice. The smaller straight-eight Daimler showed no signs of any sacrifices to smoothness. It can accelerate with the best of sports cars. Consequently, I now put together my experiences at the wheel of the smaller car and in the back seat of this magnificent 4½-litre, and I conclude that the fluid flywheel transmission is no drawback for maximum road performance and is a notable advantage for maximum road luxury. The word luxury has been bandied about so much that it has lost some of its meaning; but the 4½-litre Daimler is in the true sense a luxury car—a car which offers the supreme example of easy movement.

I should add that there is an in-built luggage space at the back with an ample folding grid. In the roof there is an interior ventilator trap with a sliding cover. The traffic indicators are automatically returnable by time switch.

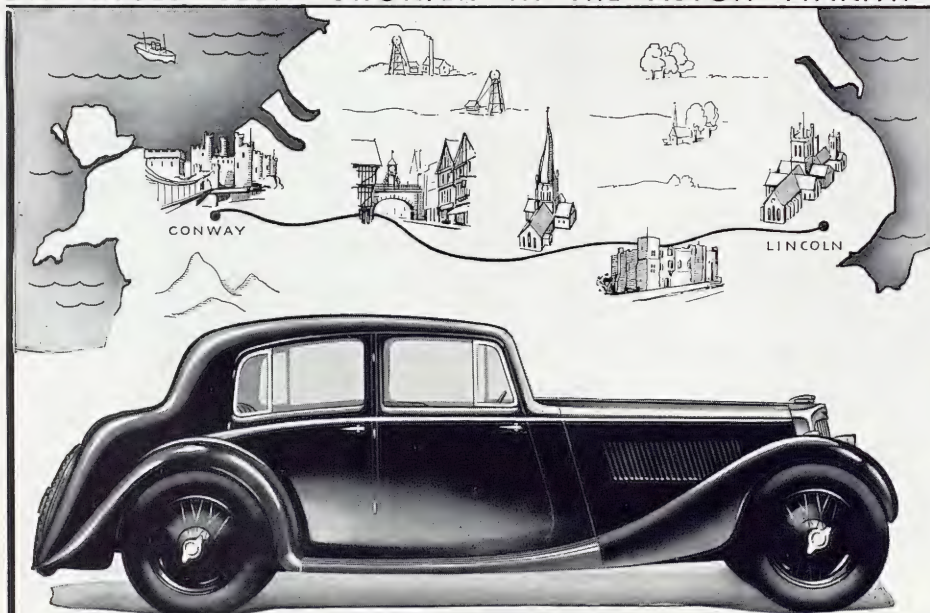


IMPERIAL AIRWAYS OFFICERS AT HYTHE, SOUTHAMPTON

A group of the men who handle the giant liners of Imperial Airways, photographed at the Langdown Lawn Hotel, which is at Hythe on Southampton Water. It is from here that the new Empire flying-boats are operated

In the group are: Miss Sutton, Capt. Alcock, Capt. and Mrs. Kelly-Rogers, Capt. and Mrs. Cumming and Mr. Adams

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## Air Eddies—continued from p. 233

Red, White and Spain.

I am going outside my own field when I refer to the book "Red, White and Spain," by Mr. Nigel Tangye, because it is a book of general and not of specialised aeronautical interest. But some of the references to the air fighting, made as they are by an experienced pilot and aeronautical critic, have considerable importance at the present time, when the relative merits of speed and manoeuvrability in fighters, and of motor-cannon equipment are being discussed. Consequently, I am going to quote some of the conclusions which have grown out of the experience of the war in Spain. Mr. Tangye likens the Nationalist fighting aeroplanes to the Supermarine fighter which is eventually to go to the R.A.F. squadrons, and says that they are faster than the Italian machines which they meet in combat. The Italian fighting squadrons are equipped with Fiat biplanes of a performance similar to the Fury. But the Italians believe that their superior powers of manoeuvre outweigh the enemy's superior speed.

That is interesting and important in view of the trend of development in Royal Air Force machines over here, and it should be noted by the Air Staff. For the war in Spain is the only full-scale trial of air fighting methods since the war of 1914. "Summed up," remarks Mr. Tangye, "it can be said that their (pilots taking part in the war) definite conclusion is that speed is not so essential as the ability to manoeuvre quickly." Later he writes: "One Italian squadron commander argued that a bombing squadron's defensive armament was such that fighters could not hope to make a series of attacks on it. If the fighters failed in shock tactics, then they had failed altogether. There was, therefore, no advantage in having speed over and above the bombers. Much better to have the slower but more manageable biplane in position over the attacking bombers, and gain the neces-



AT THE UNITED HUNTS SHOW  
AT LECHLADE: MR. W. S. MORRISON

Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Minister for Agriculture, was at the United Hunts Show at Lechlade, Gloucestershire, and addressed those present from the ring. Mr. Morrison, like his predecessor in the post, is a Scotsman

sary extra speed for the one and only attack in the dive."

And listen to this with wonder, those who know British machine-guns and their habits in moments of stress: "A fact that most of our pilots will learn with envy is that several of the Nationalist bombing and fighter squadrons have never had a machine-gun jam, although they have been in action most days in the last three months." I confess I am surprised that the motor-cannon has found no place in this war. One other thing I must quote; it is the opinion of the Italian squadron commander already mentioned. He predicted that for future wars fighter pilots would be trained to fly ten hours a day, perhaps in two-hour shifts, over likely objectives for enemy bombers. In order to do this, the engines of the fighters would have to be changed each night.

In addition to the personal—politics—experiences of the author, all of which are of topical interest, this book provides valuable information about the real as opposed to the theoretical capabilities of the modern aeroplane in warfare.

\* \* \*  
H.R.H. the Princess Royal hopes to be present at the Exhibition and Sale of Work of the Officers' Families' Industries Association. This will be held, by kind permission of Mrs. Francis Abel Smith, at 53, Prince's Gate from eleven till six o'clock on June 8. The Princess Royal is Patroness of the Association, which was started in March, 1919, to help the families of officers of the three Forces, many of whom were, and still are, in great need of remunerative work which they can do in their own homes. The aim of the committee is to encourage ladies to do beautiful handwork and to produce the exclusive and smart garments for which the Industries have become so well known. Those who are unable to be there can still help by purchasing goods from the Association, whose address is 185a, Brompton Road, S.W.3.

In the hurried scramble for wealth of this material era, the age-old crafts are being rapidly swept away.

England, the mother of all craftsmanship, was herself the first country to introduce industrialism, the mechanical Frankenstein which killed all the poetry of individual achievement.

Almost everything can now be produced effectively by machine. Except good clothes.

No mechanical device can mould into a coat the style which hand-sewing alone can impart. And the skilled hand-sewing journeymen tailors are a race that is quickly dying. Young men are not prepared to undergo the arduous five years apprenticeship; they prefer an unskilled job at a higher starting wage. Foreign labour—the best comes from Scandinavia—is prohibited. Good journeymen tailors are at a premium.

How then is London going to maintain its position as the supreme arbiter of men's styles; how will it handle the influx of fresh business during the Coronation?

Pope and Bradley are fortunate in having the finest workshops in the West End of London—clean, spacious and airy. Coathands are critical, and the reputation of our workshops has enabled us to entice in a few good extra coathands in anticipation of the Coronation. In addition, we have several apprentices who have reached maturity; in which respect we are almost unique among first class houses. Pope and Bradley employ at the moment over ten per cent of the total tailoring apprentices of the whole of England and Wales. Which does not mean that we have so very many.

But it does mean that, among those who have served their five years, we have a staff of skilled workhands, magnificently equipped to handle the added influx of trade that we anticipate. And in a manner which will uphold London prestige unchallenged in the sartorial world.

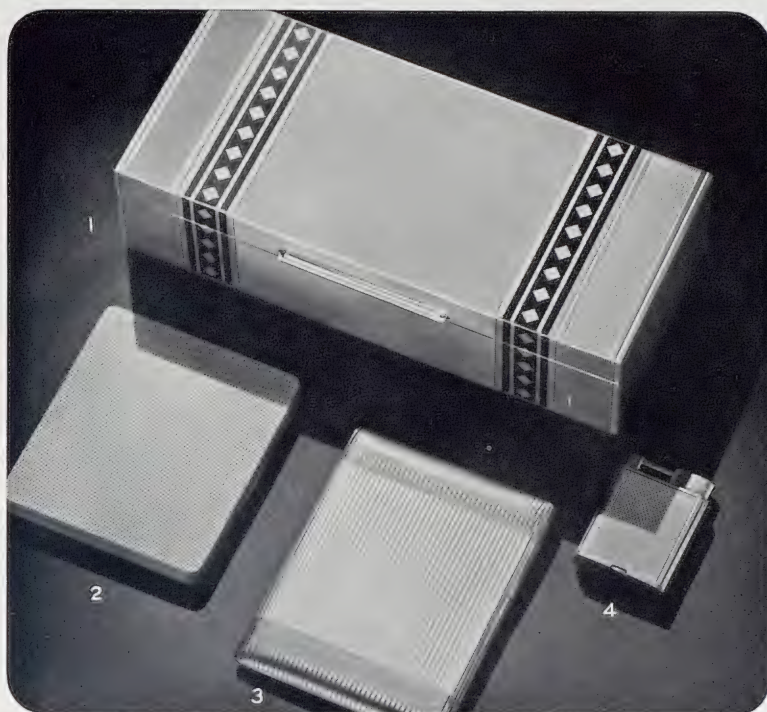
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In 9-carat Gold.

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3. Sterling Silver engine-turned Cigarette Case with inlaid 9-carat Gold ends.

Size 4½ by 3½ ins. £22. 0.0

" 4½ by 3½ " £23. 0.0

" 5 by 3½ " £24. 5.0

Complete in Morocco case.

4. 9-carat *alt* gold engine-turned Pocket Lighter £9.15.0

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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

ME. Brooke

ALTHOUGH many seek inspiration for their fashions from America, it is the Americans who have a flair for dress who visit the salons of Liberty, Regent Street, when in quest of something lovely and graceful to wear at important society functions at home and abroad. There is an innate charm about the evening dress on this page which cannot be put into words. The skirt is composed of layers of pale begonia pink tulle, posed on Sungleam satin; the coat, which cleverly silhouettes the figure and has a flattering effect, is of lace threaded with silver, finished with miniature page-boy buttons and a spray of roses. The price—well, it must be mentioned that it is nineteen guineas. As every woman needs a smock it is of interest to know that those of printed cotton are twenty-nine shillings and elevenpence, and those of printed shantung or Tyrian silk three guineas. Débutantes seeking a dress that will do duty on many occasions of a different character must write for Liberty's brochure of Inexpensive Dresses. There are washing frocks of Tana lawn for one pound nineteen shillings and sixpence, in Sungleam they are three and a half guineas

Picture by Blake





“and then, and  
then came  
Spring . . .”

*A*ll of Nature has lain dormant, and now comes Spring, bringing to you a message of renewal, of life and beauty. You are able to discard the pessimism and heaviness of Winter's clothes: to be one again with the perennial loveliness of all creation. You are thinking of your frocks, your shoes, your hats—and your face. The use of Cyclax Preparations has always been associated with flawless clarity and loveliness of the skin: cleanliness underneath, and that gentle exaggeration of nature which is not obvious, but is kin to great art.



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Price, 4/-, 7/6

**To clear the face of sallowness or blemishes:**

CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION . . . the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes.

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**A Powder Foundation to prevent dry skin :**

CYCLAX MILK OF ROSES, a fine emollient lotion . . . provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin.

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**Two Powder Foundations that last many hours :**

CYCLAX DAY LOTION, For dry and normal skins, Cyclax Blended Lotion for greasy skins, supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder.

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# THE NEW MOVEMENT

CORONATION fashions, of which every Englishwoman may well be proud, are displayed in Harrods windows and salons in Knightsbridge. They have composed many themes on orchid, petunia and larkspur shades; indeed, it may be said that they have annexed these colours for their own particular use. Not only are there dresses and wraps, but every accessory, including hats and gloves. Naturally, the veritable triumphs of the dress-maker's and milliner's art may be expressed in other attractive colours

AS there is no better letter of introduction than a flattering hat, which in addition is smart and distinctive, a trio has been selected for reproduction on this page. It will be seen that they are totally different in character. The shady affair at the top of the page, delightful for summer in town, has the crown enriched with an arrangement of felt like a pneumatic tyre which gives a tiered effect. The wide brim, finished with ribbon in front, is becoming to women of all ages when worn at just the correct angle

NOT unlike a "pouf" in conception is the chef d'œuvre in the centre; in it "shaded" ribbon and flowers share honours. The smart little "pill-box" hat at the base of the page is of stitched georgette, the scheme being completed with shaded ostrich feathers. A feature is made of simple hats that may be worn when viewing the great procession or at the Naval Review; line is their all-important feature. One of orchid shaded straw has a sweeping brim trimmed with orchid and navy petersham ribbon

Pictures by Blake



283.  
Diamond Brooch forming two  
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281.  
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and Diamond  
Brooch  
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290.  
Diamond Circle Ear Studs  
£48 10 0 pair

274.  
Diamond "Clip-on" Brooch  
£295 0 0

271.  
Diamond Ring  
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265.  
Emerald and Diamond Earrings  
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275.  
Diamond Brooch forming two  
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## EXQUISITE ELEGANCE

Designed to decorate  
important occasions



THERE is much to please in the Isobel model above; note its slimming effect. It is of heavy black georgette and, with a daring that is fully justified, gold thread embroidery is introduced at the waist. The bolero coatee has abbreviated sleeves and is enriched with silver fox, which is arranged in an original manner. The hat, giving height to the wearer, may likewise be seen in these salons. It must be related that beautiful furs for day and evening wear are there



CLASSICAL in its simplicity is the evening wrap on the left; it is expressed in powder blue cloth embroidered with silver, the scheme being completed with a Juliet cap. A navy blue marocain frock appears on the right, embroidered with white beads; among its important features are the long tight sleeves, "V" shaped neck and small roll back collar edged with white. The blue and white sash is tied with artistic negligence. Fashions for Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth's Courts and State Balls have been carefully considered, and there are beautiful Ascot and garden party dresses. Preparations have also been made for Goodwood



**"I've  
staged a  
come-back  
thanks  
to you,  
Jane  
Seymour!"**



Trade Mark

"I've been married ten years," said a woman who came to my Salon, "but I never realised how frightfully I'd neglected my looks until I met an old school friend about my own age whom I hadn't seen for years. She looks so pretty and attractive that she makes me feel quite a back-number! Can't you make me young again?"

"Well, I can't perform miracles," I said smiling, "but if you went in for a little scientific daily care I think you'd be surprised at the result."

"Tell me exactly what to do," she said.

"It's very simple," I said. "Remove every scrap of grime at night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic used

like soap and water. Then pat in Vitamin Cream. It contains vitamins A, B, C and D, and its effect on a neglected skin is simply amazing. It smoothes out lines, revitalises the tissue and makes the whole face 'live again.' In the morning wipe and pat your skin with Juniper Skin Tonic—and you're ready for make-up."

"You have a tendency to dryness, so use Petal Cream as a foundation, Dryskin Powder, Paste Rouge, and my indelible Lipstick that keeps your lips soft and young as well as colourful. If you only do that faithfully for a few weeks, I don't think you'll need to envy your friend any more!"

About a month later she called again, and honestly even I was surprised at the wonderful improvement. "Yes," she said smiling, "I've staged a come-back, thanks to you! How young it makes one feel to recover one's vanity!"

Ask any shop that sells my preparations for my book 'Speaking Frankly'—or write to me for it. Address: Jane Seymour Ltd., 23 Woodstock St. London, W.1. Mayfair 3712

**Jane Seymour**

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



# Contours

And How To Keep Them



"SPEAKING Frankly," Jane Seymour's booklet, is of the greatest interest, as she writes simply and sensibly on the all-important subject of beauty. She states that modern beauty science can do many wonderful things but cannot make a woman a Venus overnight. She always endeavours to persuade her clients to banish all this sentimental superstition and believe what is really true, that by exercising a little daily care they can keep their skins smooth, fresh and clear and delay wrinkles for many long years. This artist in beauty has migrated to 21-22, Grosvenor Street, as on account of her increasing clientèle she naturally needs larger salons. By the way, "Speaking Frankly" will gladly be sent to all who write for it, mentioning the name of this paper. It includes detailed instructions for the care of the eyes, a very important aspect of beauty treatment. Women who are troubled with acne should apply a little Acne Lotion after the skin has been thoroughly cleansed and braced; this will also serve as an excellent powder base. No other foundation cream or skin food should be used until the acne has been cured

TO be quite frank about this matter, it is necessary that the shoulders be treated in the salon, and this also applies to the unbecoming "Dowager's hump" that has an unkind knack of appearing at the base of the neck. Age is ever reflected in the hands, and it is for this reason that Jane Seymour has created a hand pack which makes old or neglected hands beautiful. Naturally, the aid of the hand lotion must be sought and the nails perfectly manicured. Don't forget the facial cocktail treatment; it takes about half an hour and it is just the thing to have when one wants to be looking one's best

MASSAGE is looked on with the greatest favour in these days, especially where the face and figure are concerned; a chat with Jane Seymour will convince all and sundry that it creates perfect poise and graceful contours. A positive necessity to all who want to combine beauty with sun-bathing is Sun Tan Bloc. It prevents reddening, peeling and enlarged pores, the result being a lovely golden brown. It is arranged in a pretty greaseproof case and, as it is oval, it fits the hand. By the way, there are beauty cases containing the necessary preparations for a long week-end. It seems almost unnecessary to add that these preparations are sold practically everywhere

THE importance of contours is the subject of this article, the neck and chin being dealt with first. "Good-bye" to a double chin may be said in these salons; the treatments for it and the neck are simple and effective. The Reducing Cream breaks down the fatty cells without affecting firm and healthy tissues. Women who have not reached the age of two score years must seek the aid of Vitamin Cream at home and subsequently Hormone Cream; the latter is prepared in two strengths, one for the "over forties" and the other for the "over fifties." It restores to the skin its former elasticity



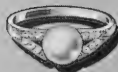




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# LE COURONNEMENT DE LA FÊTE

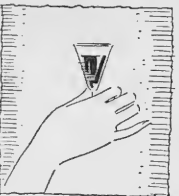


## Mesdames, Messieurs

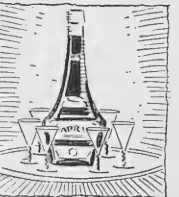
Permettez nous d'exprimer à nos amis anglais nos vœux affectueux à l'approche de la cérémonie du couronnement de leurs Majestés le Roi GEORGES VI et la Reine ELIZABETH. Le peuple anglais tout entier aura à cœur de célébrer dignement, comme il convient, un évènement d'une aussi grande portée historique. Ce sera l'occasion pour tous les bons sujets britanniques de s'asseoir autour d'une table bien servie afin de lever leur verre en l'honneur de leur Roi et de leur Reine.



De tous temps, la France a eu le privilège de pouvoir s'associer à de telles réunions grâce à ses excellents produits : ils constituent l'essence même de tout bon repas et l'on peut surtout affirmer que ses vieilles liqueurs ont toujours été le couronnement indispensable de toutes les fêtes.



Quand vous établirez vos menus pour l'époque du Couronnement pensez donc aux mérites particuliers de la reine des liqueurs françaises, l'âme de l'Abricot : l'APRY.



Dans l'APRY, le délicat et subtil arôme de l'Abricot se mêle aux vives et fortifiantes qualités des meilleures eaux-de-vie de Cognac. Pour dignement célébrer les fêtes et pour donner toute satisfaction à vos hôtes, servez à la fin du repas un-

# APRY

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of The Apricot*

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BORDEAUX



## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

### In Bombay.

The marriage will take place in Bombay on June 5 between Lieut.-Commander Hugh Deane Wyldbore-Smith, R.N., the elder son of the late Captain H. F. W. Wyldbore-Smith, R.N., and Mrs. Wyldbore-Smith, of Arthurs, Shanley Green, Surrey, and Miss Rachel Orlebar, the elder daughter of the Rev. E. Y. and Mrs. Orlebar, of Crawley Park, Bletchley, Bucks.

### This Month.

Mr. Harry Kirk, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kirk, of Batley, and Miss Patience Mary Kendall, the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Kendall, C.B.E., and Mrs. Kendall, of Bourne-mouth, and granddaughter of the late Sir Joseph Leese, Bt., are being married on May 18 at St.



MISS JOY LYON

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Claude Bernard Francois, the only son of Professor Alexis Francois and the late Mme. Francois (née Vaucher-Berrier), of 47, Route de Florissant, Geneva. She is the only daughter of the late Mr. Fitz-Roy Lyon, 1st Life Guards, and Mrs. Lyon, of 41, Bryanston Square, W.

lands Lodge, Woodlands, Southampton, are being married at St. James's, Spanish Place.

### Recently Engaged.

Captain James Francis Scott McLaren, O.B.E., The Black Watch, the elder son of Mr. J. Russell McLaren, of 24, Carlisle Mansions, S.W., and the late Mrs. McLaren, and Miss Cicely Anne Huddleston, the second daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Huddleston, of Auchengare, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, Dr. Eric Hyde Jones, the younger son of Sir Bertram and Lady Jones, of The White House, Sanderstead Village, and Miss Betty Chapman, the daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, of The Firs, Martham, Norfolk; Mr. Richard Edwards, Jun., Hong-Kong Cadet Service, and Miss Eveline Hay Davies, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Davies, of Shanghai.



MR. AND MRS. VICTOR WHITEHEAD

Photographed after their wedding at Shillong, Assam, India, on April 12. Mr. Whitehead is a Lieutenant in the 8th Gurkha Rifles, and his bride was formerly Miss Felicity Anderson

Peter's Church; on May 22, Mr. Ernest Pattison Shanks, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Shanks, of Oakenrod, Rochdale, marries Miss Audrey Evelyn Moore, the youngest daughter of the late Major E. C. H. Moore and Mrs. K. M. Moore, of Parklands, Ockley, Surrey, quietly at Heckfield, Hants; and on May 28 there is the marriage between Mr. W. J. Harris and Mrs. V. Caldecott, which will take place at Boxley Church, Maidstone.

### A June Wedding.

On June 3, Mr. John Edmund Backhouse, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Backhouse, The Old Manor, Fareham, Hants, and Miss Jean Marie Frances Hume-Gore, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel G. R. V. Hume-Gore, M.C., and Mrs. Robert Hannah, of Wood-



Cannons of Hollywood  
MISS MERSA FOSTER

The youngest daughter of the late Major E. B. G. Foster and Mrs. Foster, of Warmwell, Dorset, whose marriage will take place some time during the summer to Mr. John Edward Gibbons, the only son of Sir Alexander Gibbons, Bart., and Lady Gibbons, of Greenham House, Crewkerne, Somerset



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style for your hair—whatever your  
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solely for you. For here are craftsmen  
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and curls . . . who know that the per-  
fect style for your hair is inspired  
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reveals your hair in new and lustrous  
beauty. And when Truefitt & Hill care  
for your hair regularly, you acquire the  
confidence that comes from knowing  
your coiffure is perfection—always.

## LADIES' KENNEL

These notes should appear the week before the Coronation, which will be very much in our minds, also those who come from other countries and the Dominions to it. One does want them to see all they want to see, and in this connection I repeat what I have already said, that if I can be of any use in helping people to see dogs and kennels I shall be only too pleased. A note to the address at the bottom of this column will find me. When I go to strange countries I like to see their dogs, and other people are probably the same. Our Show at Olympia on May 19 provides an opportunity of seeing all breeds with very little trouble and getting into touch with their owners. A big show is a surprise to anyone who has never seen one, even if they are not specially interested in dogs, and a delight if they are.

Mrs. Allan's kennel of Dachshunds has, I am glad to say, done exceedingly well this year, among other wins she took two certificates and four first prizes at Cruft's. The competition is very keen in Dachshunds at present, and it must be a good one to win. Besides the three varieties of Dachshunds, smooth, wire and long-haired, Mrs. Allan has started Corgis. Corgis are now exceedingly popular, and they are most attractive dogs, both in appearance and character. Mrs. Allan has a lovely litter of Corgis by Ch. Fitzdown Paul for sale, the mother is also a winner. In addition to all this she has imported a Boston Terrier from America which will be placed at stud on leaving quarantine. There are some Dachshund puppies of all sorts for sale. Mrs. Allan would be delighted to show her kennels to anyone by appointment. She lives at Chipperfield, Herts.



FERNWOOD CASSIUS

The property of Mrs. Allan



WHITE PEKINESE

The property of Mrs. Adams

not keep a very large kennel and only breeds one or two litters a year. There is one for disposal at present by Ch. Haakon. It can be seen from the photograph how promising the puppies are. Mrs. Lee Booker lives at Hornsey, in the north of London, and will be delighted to show the puppies by appointment.

A member wishes to give a sheepdog to a country home. He is a charming dog, obedient, a good watchdog and excellent with children. Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DANE PUPS

The property of Mrs. Lee Booker



Eleanor Adair

TELLS YOU  
WHAT TO  
DO FOR A  
Greasy Skin

Those who have a greasy skin have to apply make-up more frequently; yet, without knowing it, they are making their trouble worse. What they really should do is refine the texture of the skin and contract the pores by treating the tissues and tiny glands under the skin. After all, Beauty is more than skin deep. My Herbal Pack and Spagnette Cream were specially created for greasy skins and enlarged pores, and a treatment at the salon will make you everlastingly grateful.

If you cannot call at the salon, try the following at home:

SPAGNETTE CREAM	-	-	2/-, 5/-.
LILY LOTION	-	4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6.	
SKIN TONIC	-	4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6.	
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Facial and Eye  
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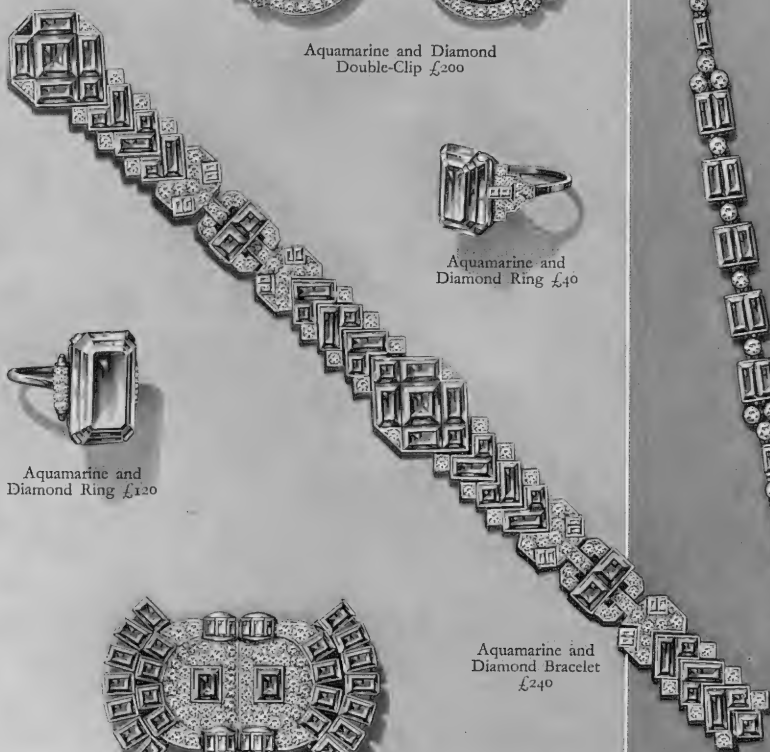


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## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 227)

Whyte Melville's deathless poem "The White Witch." I will remind you that she lived in a crystal cave up a jewelled stair, and had spells for the living calculated to wake the dead, and that there was (and is) danger that lurked in the hue of her lips so red (nowadays reinforced by many other colours), in the turn of her delicate head and the golden gleam on her hair. The poet said "Have a care!" I endorse his words, and I warn you against the witchcraft of her meshes you cannot break through, and against her special brand of osculation which maddens like wine and inclines the unwary to take a dive. No witchcraft! Nonsense! Why not face up to it and admit that we know that there is, and that these white ones put a comether over you—or even, perhaps, the other chap—without saying a single word or doing anything that anyone who is made up of half putty and the other half too-dead fish would notice. It is the science of the aura. The moment these people come into your ambit you are gone unless you are made of the things I have just mentioned. There is no real explanation other than the highly scientific one I have suggested. Anything that you may do after you have come within the aura ought to be made non-culpable by the law of the land. Juries are so difficult, however, and few of the estimable gentlemen we see in that box have ever crossed the desert of the Red Sand or swam in a gondola. Naturally, I speak



PLAYING POLO ON THE BEAUFORT H.P.C. GROUND

Two of the Scots Greys team, Mr. H. T. Brassey and Mr. J. V. F. Nutting, talking to Miss Joyce Kingscote before the cavalry side took on and beat Silton Manor by 7½ (rec. 2½) goals to 4. Mr. Nutting is the son and heir of the Master of the Quorn, Sir Harold Nutting. They have so many grounds at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club that a bit of bad weather is of not so much concern to them as it is to us in London, with our very strictly limited supply. The Beaufort Spring Tournament is for the Unwin Cup

in metaphors, but you who have suffered from witchcraft will know exactly what I mean and realise the danger. There was one white witch I knew whose jewelled stair was ornamented with diamonds, emeralds, aquamarines and opals (a most dangerous stone). She was the possessor of the death ray: name of Belphebre, after a great huntress. There was another named Claire and called the Unfair. She was dark as a pool on a night when there isn't any moon, and her stair was rubies, dark as blood, and she'd a fascinating bloom on her and a voice like whipped cream and a pussy-purry manner that would floor even old Cheops or his boy friend the Sphinx. Spells for the living that would waken the dead, in fact. I do not pretend to know which of these two witches was the more dangerous, but, of course, there are millions and billions of their counterparts; and all I do say, as the well-wisher of anyone who may think of trapesing up their jewelled stairs, is "Have a care!"

My old friend Sam Marsh's Scamperdale Hunter Trials are at Woolborough Farm, near Redhill, on the 8th. The conditions say: "These Hunter Trials are for the 'Battered Brigade,' and no judging will be recorded for anything but performance and style," which is all to the good. The judges are: Mr. Douglas Benson, Capt. P. Blackmore, Mr. Harry Buckland, M.F.H., Mr. G. M. Burt, M.F.H., Mr. P. G. Evelyn, M.F.H., Brigadier J. H. Gibbon, D.S.O., Major E. Howard, M.H., and Major G. Larnach-Nevill, M.F.H.



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“Wind”—continued from p. 236

They went outside to the passage.

Suddenly the doctor snapped his fingers.

“Got it! We’ll have an alarm fixed underneath the front-door mat just inside the passage. That ought to catch him—if it is anyone!”

Slater’s eyes followed him as he took measurements. He was feeling strangely weak, unequal to the situation. He was very glad the plump, capable little doctor was there to see to things. There was a wild hope inside him that the doctor’s explanation was the correct one. Slater wanted it to be the correct one.

That afternoon an electrician arrived from the village and tinkered about with wires and dry cells. Slater left him alone. Ignored his cock-sparrow loquacity and obvious hero-worship. He didn’t care for that kind of hero-worship. The only thing he cared about was the name he had made for himself in the scientific world—the knowledge that his name was one of the foremost where Arctic exploration was concerned. That, thought Slater wryly, was the only thing that had made the—experience—worth while.

He was preparing his solitary evening meal when the doctor called. He was a good cook, was Slater. It was a trick he had learnt up in the Arctic, where a man’s ability to fend for himself was the only margin between survival and death.

“Here you are, old man, take this,” Slater stared down at the shot-gun the doctor handed him. “Only don’t use it, or you’ll blow someone’s head off!” chuckled the doctor. “It’s to give you confidence, that’s all. And it’ll give the intruder a hell of a shock, or I’m very much mistaken. Alarm fixed up all right?”

He pressed on the front-door mat with his foot and the sudden ring of a bell in the kitchen made Slater jump.

“Good! Now just regard to-night as a test. If the bell rings and you find someone down here you’re as good as cured. Because it’s only logic that those other things you think you hear have material explanations as well.”

Slater fingered the gun and smiled thinly.

“It’s months since I handled one of these,” he said.

“I can see that,” observed the doctor, deflecting the barrel from himself. “It’s so that you will feel—er—protected. That’s the object of it. Go to bed early, Slater, and make up your mind that this is to be the last of it.”

Slater gazed helplessly after him as he went out through the door. Somehow he would have been very glad of company that night.

“I’ll try, doctor. I hope it is—the last of it.”

He sat alone in the dim lamp-light and chewed slowly and methodically, just as he had trained himself to chew slowly and methodically during the months in the northern waste lands. Up there a man needed every available ounce of energy. Every action, every thought had to be directed towards the main purpose.

Which was success. He had been successful. The experts split success with his name. He had, at least, that much to hold on to.

The lamp flickered fitfully and Slater leaned forward to trim it. That had been one of Bardell’s pastimes—trimming the lamp in the tent, gazing into the lamp and thinking of the young wife back home.

Slater never cared much for women, but it had become obvious to him after a time that it was the thought of a woman which inspired Bardell to put his heart and soul into the expedition. Slater never cared for women. All he cared for and lived for was success. He had been a success. Bardell, because he had died, had been a failure.

Huddled over the supper table Slater recalled how the idea of success had driven him on through withering hell. His whole frame shuddered at the memory of those days when the cold had crept through the thick gloves and the insidious frost-bite had begun its white menace, and the only way of defeating it was to stuff your hand into your mouth.

Days when the sweeping wind—that cursed wind—had slashed at the face, freezing the sweat on the eyebrows, freezing the eyes themselves unless you kept them shut and risked falling into the deathly caress of a crevasse.

Bardell hadn’t seemed to mind the wind so much. There was something inside Bardell that used to send the blood coursing through his veins. He would have a faraway expression in his eyes. Sometimes he would whisper a woman’s name.


But even that hadn’t been sufficient to keep the life in him on the day when the blizzard came howling down from the north.

That day of hell.

Slater stared wildly round the shadowed kitchen. His ears strained for the voice of the wind. But the wind was only a low whisper, like the whisper that would come to Bardell’s lips out on the ice wastes. It was in the early morning—that dread time when life ebbed at its lowest—it was then that the wind spoke loudest.

He stood in the middle of the room. His eyes were orbs of darting fear. That wavering thing on the ground—like a long, pointing finger!

(Continued on p. 238)



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says OLD HETHERS

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made from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**"PATENT" BARLEY**

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Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd.,  
Carrow Works, Norwich.



“Wind”—continued from p. xviii

He laughed and ran his fingers over his lips. Just the shadow of the doctor's gun as it leaned against the sideboard! He picked up the gun and the flickering lamp and ran up the stairs to his bedroom—quickly, to get it over.

He was inside the room, sitting on the edge of the bed, watching the clock that seemed to have stopped. There was no moon to-night. Outside in the darkness the wind sighed through the trees.

“It will come in the early hours,” Slater told himself. “It always does.” If only the doctor were here with him! The doctor *knew* it was all imagination. But then—Slater's lips bulged and the muscles of his thin cheeks twisted—he knew things that the doctor did not know.

“There's that alarm under the front-door mat,” thought Slater desperately. “Human or unhuman, if the bell rings I'll get it!”

He clutched the smooth butt of the gun and felt the cold steel of the trigger guard. Surely the clock had stopped? His ears, attuned to the ticking, told him nothing. If only the voice of the wind could be stilled that way. He reached out and turned the clock face downwards. Time would go quicker if he could not see it.

As the black night dragged its slow way towards dawn he found himself staring into the lamp. With a startled shudder he averted his eyes. Bad omen, to be using Bardell's trick. Bardell used to see something in the lamp—something visible only to himself. The thing Slater had wanted—and had got—could not be gleaned from lamp-gazing. Success came because he had fought for it.

“It's yourself against circumstances,” Slater murmured, wide-eyed in the gloom. “If you win, that's success. It's a kind of a war, and all's —”

He stopped. There was a crescendo of noise in the trees. A whispering that was growing into a muttering. A muttering that was becoming a growl. A growl that—

Slater gripped his gun and waited. It was coming. A palsied hand groped for the stem of the lamp. His tongue moved round his dry lips. There was a sudden drought in his throat. It was coming. “Ting-a-ling!”

The bell! Slater wanted to scream. His tongue yammered against the dry roof of his mouth.

“Ting-a-ling!”

With a frenzied whimper in his throat he jumped from the bed. The shot-gun clumped behind him on the stairs.

“Who—who's that? Say who it is or I'll shoot!”

His fear-crazed eyes stared underneath the lamp which flickered in his shaking hand. The wind shrieked—tore at blinds and curtains.

He was down in the passage now, a huddled shape that cringed against the wall. His eyes roved round the floating shadows. He stared at the mat.

No one there. “Ting-a-ling!”

No one there—and the bell rang! Oh, God! Then it must be—his lips contorted in horror—it must be Bardell, after all!

Bardell! He cringed lower against the wall.

Bardell, returned on the wings of the wind to taunt him!

Slater retreated in ghastly terror. Bardell, come back to remind him that he, jealous and greedy for success for himself alone, had covered inside the tent during the blizzard and had left his comrade to scratch feebly on the outside until the freezing wind had taken his soul with slow, remorseless fingers. And he, Slater, had returned home to claim the hero's laurels with a glib tale, taking false credit for the good work that had been Bardell's—

Wind, that had taken Bardell, had brought him back!

“Ting-a-ling!” Slater's throat rattled in a long scream. He stumbled backwards and his foot caught in one of the wires running from the mat. He lurched—clutched at the gun for support. There was a loud roar and Slater's face was an obscene mess.

Fifteen gusts of wind continued to surge in under the door, lifting up the mat and letting it fall with a thud on to the burglar alarm. “Ting-a-ling!”

\* \* \*

For the Nijinsky Gala Matinee at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday, May 28, a notable and varied programme has been arranged. Serge Lifar is coming over from Paris on purpose to dance in aid of his old friend. Lydia Sokolova is doing a Pas Seul, as also is Alice Nikitina. Ninette de Valois is arranging a special Pas de deux, which will be danced by Mary Honer and Harold Turner. Frederick Ashton is also arranging a Pas de Deux for Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpman.

The Ballet Rambert are presenting Lord Berners' Degas Ballet “Foyer de Danse.”

Alanova has consented to dance and Anton Dolin will appear with Belita Jepson Turner.

Keith Lester is arranging a Pas de Quatre which will be danced by Kathleen Crofton, Diana Gould, Prudence Hyman, Molly Lake.

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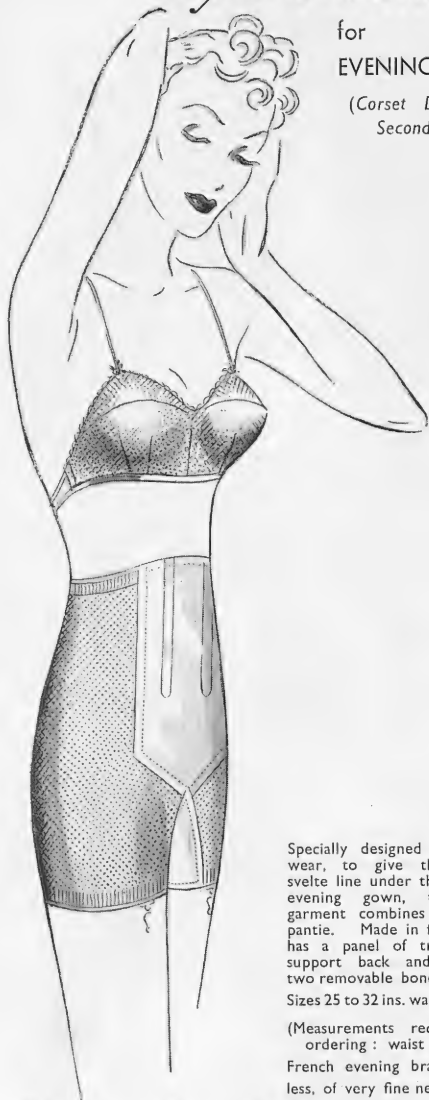
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## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 232

In the early days the *Senorita* knew only one word of English, and that sounded like the letter "Q." I think actually she meant to say "Excuse," which was her exclamation every time that she had a net cord or brought off an unexpected shot, or missed an easy one in a double.

But now the *Senorita* speaks our language with such fluency that, as far as interpreting is concerned, she no longer requires the services of a chaperone at all. What I really feel she needs instead is a coach and trainer, for though her chaperone is a keen student of the game and gives her much shrewd advice, it is not the same thing as if she had someone like Mrs. Lambert Chambers, than whom, incidentally, there is no shrewder student of the game, to give her advice and at the same time to provide and encourage that self-discipline on court which alone is lacking to-day to mar the perfection of her game and to prevent her from reaching the highest goal of all.

In two world's rankings for 1936, published this week by Mr. Wallis Myers and Sir F. G. Lowe, *Senorita Lizana* comes out at eighth place in the first ten among the ladies. To be in that list at all is, of course, a tremendous achievement, but at the same time it is extraordinary to me that a player with the strokes and, above all, the flair for the game that our charming guest from Chile possesses should not be higher up the ladder, especially when you remember that at Wimbledon last summer she not only reached the last eight, but was leading Helen Jacobs by four games to two in the final set. Then, for some unaccountable reason, instead of putting on the pressure mercilessly against a tiring opponent, she suddenly lost concentration and did not win another game. Yet those who saw that match would have agreed with me that on the day's play it was the Chilean rather than the American who looked like a world champion. And I am sure that *Senorita Lizana* can add her name to the scroll of winners this year or next if she will only make up her mind once and for all that though it is lovely to smile into the sun and go on smiling, no matter what the result of the match, so long as the sun continues to smile, those are not the tactics that win at Wimbledon. Great champions are made of sterner stuff. They have to be. Poker-faced they called Helen Wills Moody, who, off the court, had the sweet face of a Madonna. The inference is obvious. And I shall welcome the day when I pick up a newspaper and see any other adjective prefixed to this player's photograph than the present stock cliché of "smiling." After all, you can concentrate like fury, or even the Furies, on court, you can fight like a she-devil till the last ditch, or rather the last shot has been played, and still give the impression of possessing a pleasant and sporting personality.

An example of a great fighter who also has great charm on court is Peggy Scriven. If only she could exchange some of her British perseverance for the mercurial brilliance and the daring sorties of the little South American star there would be no question about Miss Scriven regaining her place in the Wightman Cup team. As it is, her backhand has improved immensely since last season and at the time of going to press the only match she has lost so far has been to Mary Hardwick, and that was only after a titanic struggle. Whatever her fate this season, I shall always maintain that there is something very gallant about the way in which Miss Scriven, with the most limited stroke production of any player in her class, has yet succeeded in defeating almost every star in the world in the course of her career. Even Helen Jacobs and Madame Mathieu on her own home courts in Paris. Let that be remembered in the years to come, just as I should like it put on record that the reason why Billie Yorke is not playing at Bournemouth and will not be seen in a home tournament till just before Wimbledon is that she has found herself so consistently cold-shouldered by the authorities during the last three years—in fact, ever since she reached the final of the ladies' doubles at Wimbledon with Freda James—that she now prefers to play as much as possible in foreign championships, where she finds the atmosphere much more congenial in every way. The point is often being raised in tennis circles why Billie Yorke, who by competent judges of the game is regarded as the greatest woman's doubles player in the world to-day, should achieve such success abroad and then fail on home courts. It is usually the other way round, of course, but surely in this case the reason is clear enough. You only play well when you feel that you have the support of your own country-folk. And if for some reason that is lacking, then it is not surprising if you shrivel up, your shots go to pieces, and your spirit dies.

In conclusion this week I want to express my regret at the death of Mr. G. A. Caridia, who, although he had become a veteran before I became a sideline rabbit, has many memories for me in his official position as the treasurer of the All-England Club, which made him a familiar figure during the Wimbledon fortnight. His work for the club and as one of the club's two representatives for thirty-three years on the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association will be long and lovingly missed. For just as his unorthodoxy of stroke in his tennis days—he used the half-volley as a deadly weapon of attack—made him a conspicuous figure on any court, so the orthodox sincerity of his later administrative period brought him a host of new friends and admirers. His passing will be deeply mourned.



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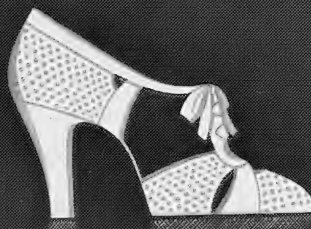
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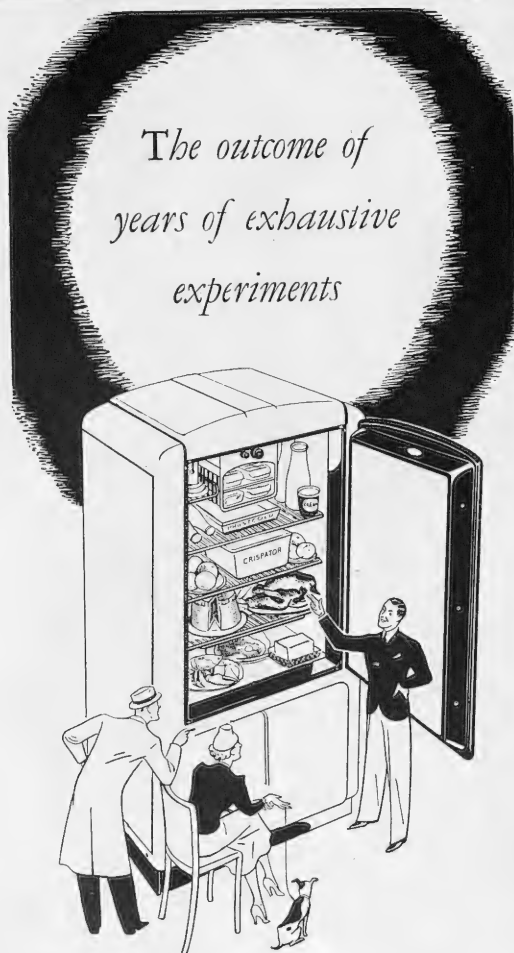


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## Racing Ragout—continued from p. 204

Sandown for the two Jarvis brothers. Jack swept everything before him and Basil swept everything just behind him. Even his one winner must have shaken his confidence a bit, drawn on the far side, for there is no question that, even though the start has been altered, the advantage rests with the small numbers.

The opening selling race was won by Pahokee for Mr. Harry Brown, and returned at 100-8. As one of our leading correspondents was unable to state the exact amount Mr. Brown had invested on his horse, I took the liberty of approaching him myself. I had not seen him for some time, but he seemed to me somehow changed. He had the air of a man who has been deeply wronged and on whom it has left its mark, and he made no statement for publication.

It was in the paddock that I saw a small comedy when one of our *jeunesse dorée* was introduced to a captain of industry, a man who, starting with the collection of cigarette tins in the streets and never letting up for a moment, now buys second-hand navies with a *reduc.* on the quantity for scrap-iron or some such romance of unremitting toil. "Well, my boy, and what do you do?" he said.



AT THE BRAMHAM POINT-TO-POINT

Trying to find a winner or two; Lady Irene Crawford and her husband, Mr. C. C. Crawford. Lady Irene Crawford is the elder of Lord and Lady Camden's two daughters, and is very well known in the Leicestershire fox-hunting world.



AT THE NEWMARKET SPRING SALES

The moment was not quite as anxious a one as it might seem, though, of course, everyone takes a bloodstock sale seriously. In the picture are the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, who married Lord Cowley's half-brother, well known in Irish racing circles, Mrs. Tharps and Captain Kirkpatrick.

"I don't know that I do anything," replied the youth. "Well, but what work do you do?" persisted the plutocrat. "Do you know," said the boy intensely, "I've always wanted to work, but with polo starting as soon as hunting ends, and grouse shooting and so on coming after that, I've never had time!" "I don't know what blood pressure comes to in pounds per square inch, but that industrialist's would have driven a large locomotive nearly to Scotch Corner."

\* \* \*

On Monday, May 10, the National Hunt Committee will discuss a notice of motion by the stewards which is designed to strengthen the Committee's control of the sport. Among the new powers to be acquired if the alterations in the rules are passed will be that of cancellation or postponement of a meeting and also of varying the course, the day or the time of a meeting should exceptional circumstances call for such action.



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BROCKLEBANK, AND MR. F.  
TYRWHITT-DRAKE

(ON RIGHT) COLONEL  
AND MRS. SPENCER

### THE MENDIP HUNT BALL AT BATH

The Mendip held their Hunt Ball at the Guildhall, Bath, but the pun involved is far too obvious to be allowed to sully these pages. The Mendip country lies between the Duke of Beaufort's and the Avon Vale in the North and the Blackmore Vale to the South. It originated in 1760, but has had long periods of eclipse. Colonel Spencer is one of the oldest members of the hunt



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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for gifts towards the £25 needed to cover the fare from Canada to England for a woman longing to join her daughter. In 1914 she married, only to be deserted five years later. The child was put into an institution and she ventured to Canada, hoping to earn better money. Owing to ill health she was not able to make a home for her daughter, who went into domestic service in England. Hearing she was ill and alone, the girl's one thought is to get her mother back to England, for there is a welcome waiting for her with an aunt who has promised to give the invalid a home. Arrangements have been made and now there is only the fare to collect. Please send gifts and give happiness to both mother and daughter.

St. Thomas's Hospital, the most retiring of public institutions, comes before the public with a Coronation Ball (including a dinner and cabaret) on Friday, May 7, at Grosvenor House. The Queen of Norway is its patron and the Duchess of Marlborough is chairman. The deputy chairman is the Marchioness of Hamilton. President of the hospital is the Duke of Connaught. President of the Ball is the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, and among those supporting him are the Earl and Countess of Derby, Viscount and Viscountess Wakefield, the Duchess of Atholl, M.P., the Countess of Jersey and Lord Nuffield. The Hon. Treasurers are Viscount Stanley, M.P., and Captain Spencer Freeman.

If it is agreed that a hospital has an ancestry, a family tree, then they of St. Thomas's stake their claim. For what it may be worth they record that the beginnings of their hospital are placed in those stirring



THE LAWN TENNIS GAME IN BERMUDA

The Fleet is in, the place is packed with visitors from the U.S.A. and elsewhere and it is the height of the season in a climate that takes a power of beating. In the picture are, left to right: Mr. Lyons from New York, Lt. D. J. Hoare, H.M.S. *Exeter*, Mrs. Annie B. Robinson, Miss Diana Davis, Miss Sylvia Appleby, Miss Mary Butterfield and Lt.-Commander J. P. Hunt, H.M.S. *Exeter*, who is a unit of the America and West Indies Squadron

days when Egbert, King of Wessex, became by conquest the first Overlord of England, and forty years before Alfred the Great burnt the cakes and defeated the Danes.

That was a long time ago—roughly 250 years before A.D. 1066, the datum line of history. It was nearly 200 years before the first London Bridge spanned the Thames—the wonder of the world in wood, then, but which now the L.C.C. would condemn without debate as a crazy contraption.

An additional inducement for foreign visitors to the Coronation to remain in this country until at least the end of the summer is contained in to-day's announcement that one of England's loveliest counties will be the scene, from July 3 to 13, of a magnificent Pageant of Surrey. The Pageant is expected to be a culminating attraction of a season of unparalleled spectacular events. A beauty spot in this famous county, on which Nature has so lavishly bestowed her charms, has been chosen for the show. It is a miniature valley, a pretty woodland dell, on the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's estate at Pyrford Court, near Woking. Approaches to the arena from every direction are a feast of sylvan loveliness, while from the Pageant site itself there is a sweeping view of undulating Surrey scenery. The entire neighbourhood is rich in those antiquarian interests one would expect to find in so favoured a portion of the English countryside. At a nearby cross-roads is a stone dating back to the Druids; there are ancient manor houses, barns, Tudor buildings and walls and moats, a tumulus and barrows, thatched cottages, a ruined Priory, and an old house with a secret room in which was found a cavalier's glove and a lady's slipper. In short, an unspoiled piece of Old England, much of it going back to Domesday Book and the Conqueror.

In a picture of the Tedworth Hunt Steeplechases, Lady Susan Seymour was incorrectly described as Lady Seymour. Lady Susan Seymour is Lord Seymour's sister, and he is not yet married. We much regret the mistake which was made.



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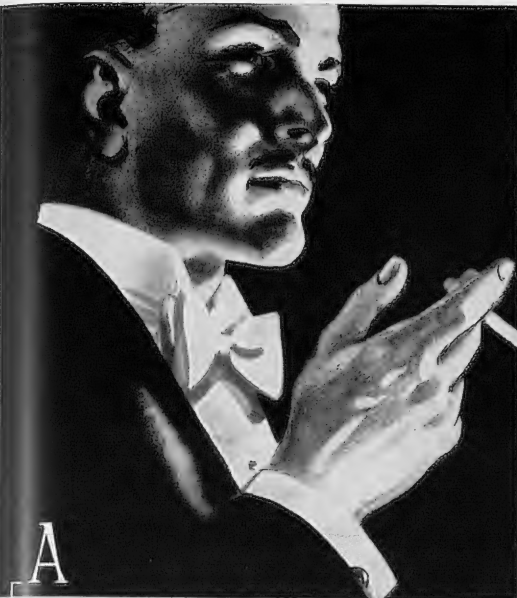
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A GENERAL ADVANCE ON THE ARMY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT PRINCE'S, SANDWICH

Major-General Sir Arlington Chichester and Major-General K. G. Buchanan, G.O.C. 42nd Division, about to do battle for the General's Cup on the 3rd day of the Army Golfing Society's meeting. Major-General Buchanan, holder of the General's Cup, beat Sir Arlington, a former D.Q.M.G., by 3 and 2

Here are Major-General G. W. Howard and Major-General L. I. G. Morgan-Owen leaving the 14th tee at Prince's, Sandwich. They met in the 2nd round of the General's Cup competition and General Howard, lately in Palestine as G.O.C. 5th Division, won by 3 and 2. Major-General Morgan-Owen is A.Q.M.G. Eastern Command

General Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army, about to take on and subsequently defeat Major-General A. I. Musson. The latter is Chief-Paymaster and Inspector of Army Pay Offices



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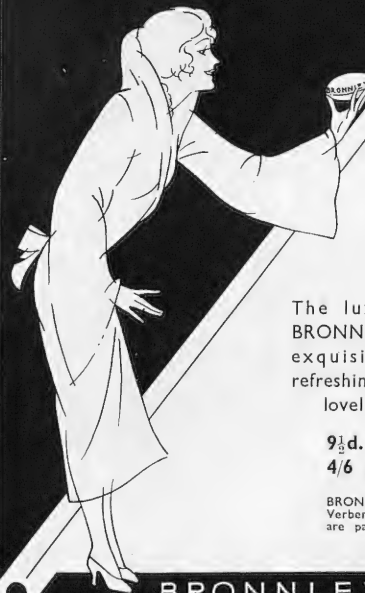
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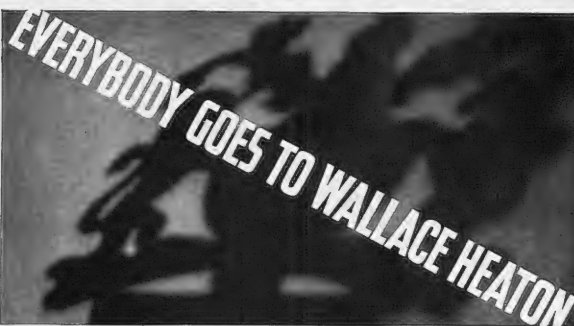
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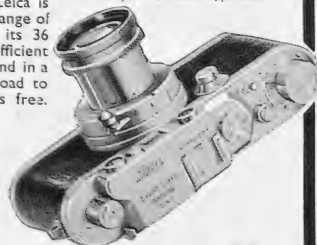
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The picture on the right shows the hair before "La Naturelle" Bandlette is adjusted. When it is placed in position the curls look charmingly natural and give a very finished appearance, as illustrated by the decorative coiffure above, where the bandlette ends just above the ears



LOOKING AHEAD

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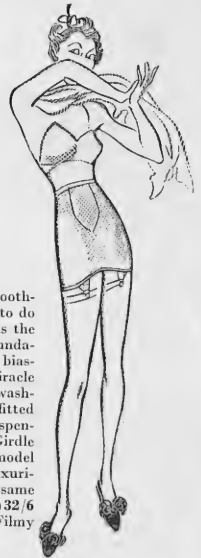
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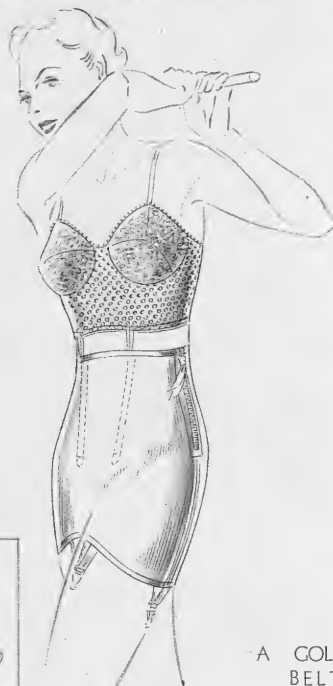
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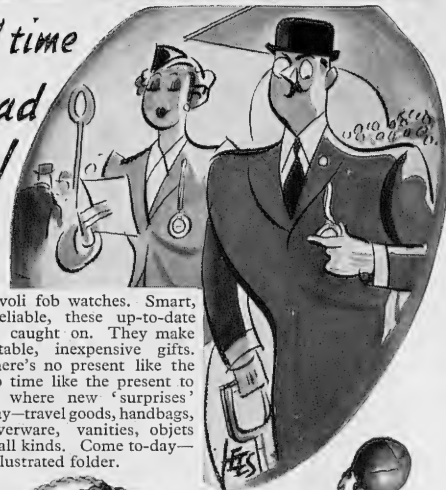
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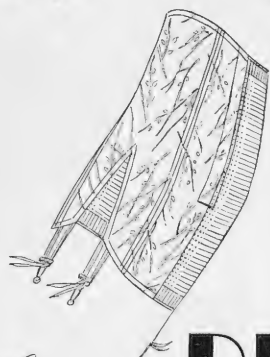
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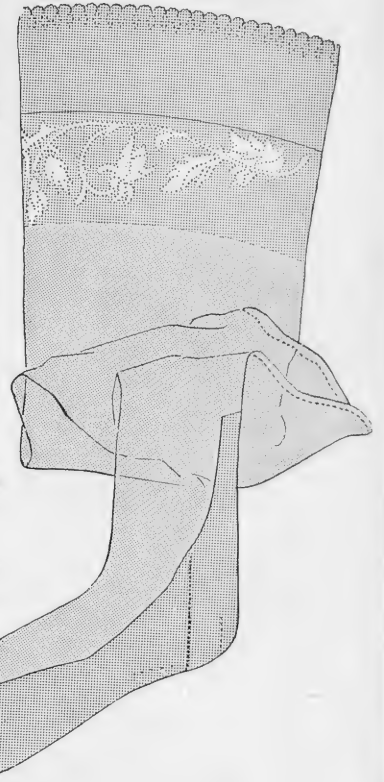
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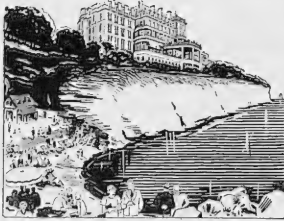


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Exquisite loveliness of White Russian Ermine. A glamorous evening cloak, superbly moulded on graceful lines, with collar upstanding and skirt flowing out from the waist - - - 249 guineas

*From the Revillon New Collection.*



# Revillon

180, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



*The*

## MODE OF THE MOMENT

is vividly portrayed in the new Spring and Early Summer 'Swan' fashion shoe creations and the sincere regard of the true craftsman is unerringly displayed in their fine proportions—they ensure natural poise without restriction, and support, beautify and encourage the feet with an uncanny intuition.



Style No. G.979. Fancy Lace Oxford in White Buck and Kid. Price 25/9 (Not in I.F.S.).



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R O W E S O F B O N D S T





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★ The SINTON Jumper .. 17/6

The Skirt .. Thirty-three shillings.

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Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle brings your lips natural, youthful beauty

Your lips can be lovelier, more youthful looking if you use Tangee Lipstick. Its magic Colour Change Principle does an amazing thing no other lipstick can do for you. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose,

matches your own skin tones ... Paris insists upon soft natural make-up with spring and summer styles, frowns upon paint. Tangee *isn't* paint, can never give a "painted look"... Use Tangee Rouge for clear, natural glow in cheeks.



Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime! Its special cream base makes lips soft and lovely

Tangee Lipstick's special cream base offers another beauty advantage you can't afford to miss! Use it every night at bedtime, as well as during the day. Tangee is not like ordinary cosmetics which beauty editors advise removing at night.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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OF SUBSTITUTES!**

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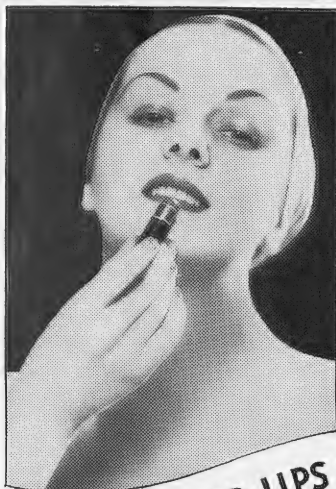


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SET 193. Dainty Set to match with  
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2/11 1/2  
1/6 1/2  
2/6 1/2

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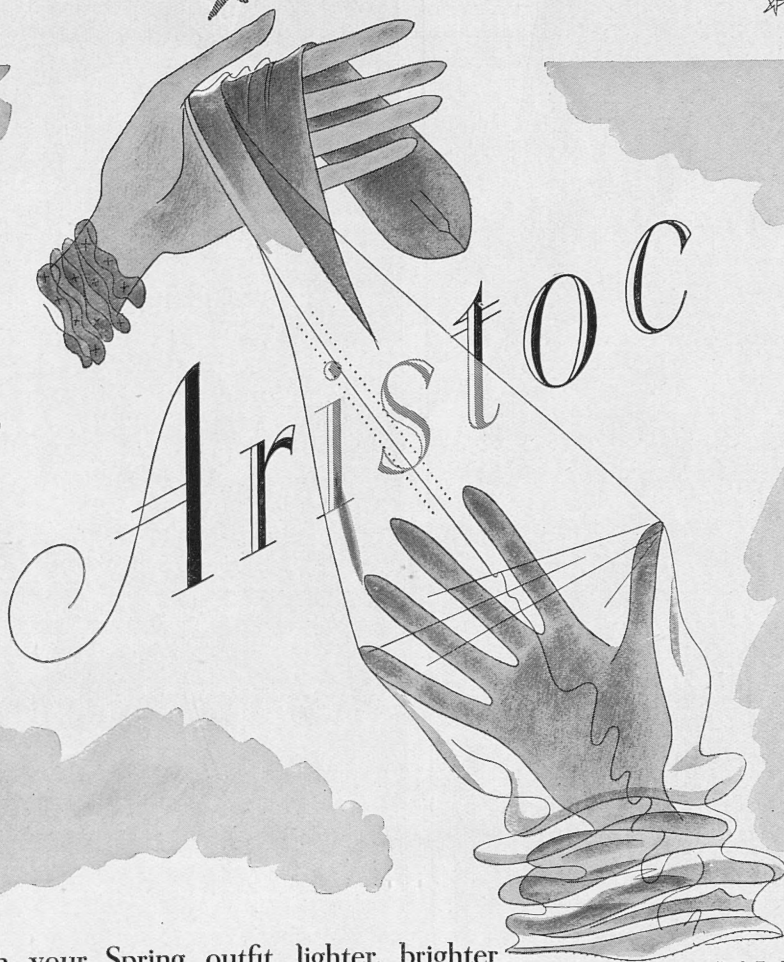
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GERMANY—continued.

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